

THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss INDIANA DANBY.
THE SECOND VOLUME.



DUBLIN:

Printed for J. HOEY, senr. P. WILSON, J. EX-
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THE
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LETTER XXIV.

To Miss FREEMORE. In answer to the 19th.

OH, my beloved Clara! what is life but a scene of misery and disappointments! castles in the air, indeed! my part of it, at least, has proved so.—Beverly, alas! how changed!—No longer the ardent, the importunate lover! Our marriage, lately so much talked of, and pressed for, is no more, either in his discourse or thoughts. He even takes pains to avoid mentioning it; yet, by a too visibly affected tenderness, he endeavours to blind Mrs. Beverly and me; her he may, but I have too much discernment. Love, though blind in some respects, is fatally quick-sighted in these cases.—What a fall is mine from such a prospect of happiness!—

But I must submit. The dear Fanny need not now envy me, though she has, I fear, still a rival.—Do not imagine this a fit of jealousy without foundation.—Wou'd it were. Alas! my dear, I have but too convincing proofs of his inconsistency.—For some time past his behaviour to me has wore a visible coolness, which I strove to account for a thousand ways, rather than suffer myself to guess the truth; in such a case I almost wished to be deceived, and dreaded to be awaked from my dream of happiness. But the other day after breakfast, which had passed with a sort of forced cheerfulness on his part, he called his servant, and ordered him to have his horses ready at twelve. “Where are you going?” said Mrs. Beverly. “Only to the races at N——,” answered he carelessly.—“O! I protest I had forgot them,” said she, “though I always intended to take Indiana to the balls there; it will be a little variety for her, and I know there is always genteel company.—I wonder you did not mention it before, and propose the party.”—He coloured a little. “I never thought of it,” said he; “I really did not know that it would be agreeable; it is rather too far, otherwise the meeting is well enough, though nothing extraordinary.” “Nay,” said Mrs. Beverly, “I remember it a very polite assembly.—It is strange it should alter in so short a time.”—“Altered!” said he in confusion, “I don’t know that it is. I hardly remember what it is from one year to another.—But I would have you go by all means, if Miss Danby has no objection.”—Miss Danby!—very formal.—I saw but too visibly he wished not for our company; and, to oblige him, declared my dislike to the jaunt.—He caught eagerly at my refusal; but
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recollecting himself, faintly pressed me (taking my hand too forsooth, which, however, I withdrew with some scorn) to favour him with my company.—I deigned not to take any notice of his request—but turning to Mrs. Beverly, begged she would lay aside the thoughts of a journey which I feared would too much fatigue her; and for my part I was not fond of public assemblies. She was positive, however, and insisted on the coach being got ready, which she said would carry us all: and she supposed Mr. Beverly would not be sorry for the change, considering the company he would be favoured with.—He bowed.—But I could see disappointment and chagrin painted on his countenance.—How mortifying to me was this proof of his indifference! I was forced to withdraw under pretence of preparing for my journey,—but in reality of giving vent to my tears.—I believe Mrs. Beverly was as little satisfied with his behaviour as I, or she would not have been so pressing for a jaunt that I seemed averse to, as it could not be on her own account.

THE maid had just dressed me, and put up what cloaths I wanted to take with me, when I was informed Mrs. Beverly was waiting for me in the coach.—I hurried down to her; her son handed me in, and took his seat facing me, but hardly ever looked at me during a journey of several miles.—His conversation too was forced and insipid.—How different from what it used to be in my company! he would have persuaded us he was mightily delighted with the prospect of the country as we passed along, and for that reason his head was almost constantly out at one of the coach windows. Conscious, no doubt, of his falsehood he durst not meet my eyes.—How dreadful

ful was my situation!—'Tis impossible to give you an idea of what I then felt. My heart swelled almost to bursting, and my tears were painfully struggling to force a passage, which I durst not indulge them in.—How dreary did every thing now appear!—Can this, I asked myself, be the same delightful country I so lately thought a paradise? Alas! what a sad change! all is now dismal and disconsolate.

IN this melancholy manner we finished our journey, that I should once have thought impossible to be disagreeable in such company;—yet now it was dreadfully so.—We had just time to dress ourselves and take some refreshment, before the hour of going to the rooms.—I took (but alas! my friend, to what purpose!) more than usual pains in putting on my cloaths, which were purple and silver, and if the glass did not flatter, I looked tolerably well.—But a heart once lost is never to be regained.—

WHEN I went down to Mrs. Beverly and her son, the latter looked at me with some attention, but without any of that pleasure that used to sparkle in his eyes on the like occasion.—Mrs. Beverly, who had lost none of her kind partiality for me, smiling, said she was pleased to find my complexion had not suffered by the fatigue of our little journey. “You look very lovely, my dear” added she, “your dress is well fancied.” “Harry may lay to his account with having the number of his rivals increased.”——“I do,” said he, (but in a tone that spoke his indifference) “and will give them leave to admire,—but no more.”—He took my hand in speaking these words, and led me to the coach.

I FOUND the company more brilliant than I expected. We were soon surrounded by a crowd

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of ladies, who came to pay their compliments to Mrs. Beverly.—Her son took that opportunity to slip from us. I soon missed him, and my eyes almost involuntarily sought to find him again. I succeeded. He was an object they were too much accustomed to, to escape their search. I observed him talking to some ladies at the upper end of the room. My curiosity was excited.—I wished to know if they were handsome, for the distance was too great to form an exact judgment of them, though they appeared tall and genteel.—After a few minutes absence he returned to us.—“The countess of Derwentwater,” said he, addressing himself to Mrs. Beverly, “desires to be introduced to you—Her daughters, two very agreeable young ladies, are here.—I will conduct them to you.” Mrs. Beverly assented, and he flew to execute an office he seemed delighted with. He led them to us. My heart fluttered at their approach.—The daughters are very handsome. The eldest in particular is a striking figure.—

WHILE the countess was talking to Mrs. Beverly, that young lady looked stedfastly at me, and whispered my late lover, whom she seemed perfectly intimate with.—He smiled at what she said—and I make no doubt at my expence.—I was not at all prepossessed in her favour. Her face, though handsome, has an air of forbidding haughtiness, particularly when she looked at me, that was greatly disgusting.—To Beverly, indeed, it was all complacency and sweetness.—The other sister is more pleasing in her manner. But to own the truth, I was not much delighted with either.

THEY stayed with us some time, talking on indifferent subjects.—But for my part, I was almost

most silent.—My spirits were very low.—Every look and smile that passed between Mr. Beverly and her (and they were not sparing of either) were like daggers to my heart.—It was a little relief to me when they took their leave; he in a most gallant manner, with air so gay, and looks so much at ease, conducted them to their former seat, where he stood a few minutes by the eldest of the young ladies playing with her fan, and saying no doubt a thousand soft things to her, to which I dare say she listened with pleasure.—For ah! my dear, he is but too lovely, and that night in particular he was more than usually so.

His dress was inimitably well chosen, nor was there a figure in the room that could equal him. But what cruel use does he make of his charms, to kindle a flame in the breast of the unwary maid, and then to leave her to pine in secret with a hopeless, unregarded passion!—Am I too doom'd to this wretched fate!—Unhappy Indiana! But no more fruitless complaints.—Let me resume my disagreeable subject.

Mr. Beverly again honoured us with his company, a compliment his politeness compelled him to, when lady Caroline, for that is the name of his new favourite, was taken out to dance a minuet, which, to do her justice, she performed very gracefully. When it was over, she sent for Mr. Beverly as her second partner, every lady being to dance two. His eyes sparkled at the summons, and he seemed to triumph in the distinction she shewed him. When he had seated her, he came, with great reluctance, I doubt not, and took me out.

I WOULD have refused the compliment, but that I did not wish to let him know I was piqued at his indifference.—I danced with great negligence;

gencé; yet I heard a murmur of applause from some of the company.—One of the gentlemen in particular cried out with an oath, that I was the finest creature he had ever seen.—no vanity this.—No, believe me, I am too much humbled.

I HAD a young nobleman for my next partner; he continued some time with me after our minuet was over: his conversation was agreeably entertaining. He gave me the characters of some of the company with a good deal of wit and spirit. I asked if he was acquainted with the countess of D—and her family.—“intimately,” answered he; “lady Caroline is, you see, a very fine woman, but a most intolerable coquet; “a fault beauty is but too subject to. How “charming is it to meet with a lady, who, with “all the graces of her sex, is perfectly free from “the least tincture of that disgusting character!”—He looked at me as he spoke, as much as to say—Thou art the woman.—But I did not appear to have any right to the compliment. “Yet, “my lord,” said I, “I make no doubt but lady “Caroline has a numerous train of admirers; “perhaps even that coquetry you condemn is by “some thought an attraction.”—“It may be “so,” answered he, “there are males and females of that light turn, and then it is no wonder they admire their resemblance in each other.—But men of sense will despise such unnatural affectation, as always distinguishes that species of fair ones. They are to me, I must confess, the most ridiculous creatures in nature. “Every look, every motion is studied; and all “with such a visible desire of admiration, that “for my share I make it a rule to refuse it where “it seems so undoubtingly expected. They “take too little care to conceal the bait to angle “successfully.”

"successfully." Here his lordship was interrupted, by being desired to dance a minuet with lady Juliet Derwentwater.

AGAIN Mr. Beverly deigned to pay us a visit.—"What's the matter with my fair cousin?" said he, looking at me; "you do not seem to be well." "Not well!" cried Mrs. Beverly hastily; "upon my word, my dear, you do look a little pale; I did not observe it before."—"It's a trifle," answered I, "only a little fatigued."—"Then you had better retire," said Mr. Beverly, "and take something to revive you. I fear I shall lose my partner.—I dare hardly ask you to dance."—He looked a little silly after he had made this fine speech, and endeavoured to solve it, by adding, "Though as you say your illness is but a trifle, you will not perhaps be the worse for it. I should be sorry to be disappointed of the pleasure I promised myself."—I interrupted him. "O! as to that," said I, "there are ladies here who will find it no difficulty to console you for my loss." He blushed, and stammered out—"No, I assure you, I protest you wrong my tenderness. What lady? I know of none that I should prefer—I mean that I should think equal to you."—"O without doubt," said I, "I have no cause to suspect your constancy."

I LOOKED stedfastly at him while I spoke.—He was confused, felt for his handkerchief, and, without lifting his eyes, faltered out, "Constancy! no, to be sure I hope not. Well then I may depend upon the honour of having you for my partner.—I will return to you in an instant."—"No, stay," said I, (hardly able to suppress my tears) "till I have restored your liberty to you.—You must excuse me, I cannot

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"possibly dance, so advise you to lose no time in engaging another partner."—He now thought, as I seemed so determined, he might safely press me to change my resolution, assuring me it would do me no prejudice; he would answer for the consequence: besides, if I continued to refuse him, I should make him miserable for the whole evening.—"Pray oblige me, dearest Indiana" continued he, taking my hand with affected tenderness in his manner.—"No, sir," said I, withdrawing it a little disdainfully, "I am determined. Let me not detain you longer, you have my answer."

Mrs. Beverly now interposed. "What do you mean, my dear," said she, "pray oblige my son."—"I do, madam," said I, "I am sure I do.—But let us talk no more of it; it will be better for me not to dance."—"Since you are so resolved," said he, "I will press you no farther; though you know not the pain it costs me to put up with this cruel refusal." So saying, he bowed and left us.

A MOMENT after he led forth his happy partner.—This sight almost overcame me. It was well my illness was a pretence to have a recourse to salts; by their assistance I a little recovered my spirits.—Mrs. Beverly was anxiously tender in her care, and would have persuaded me to go home with her. But I excused myself, unable to leave a place that yet was fatal to my peace. I believe that lady could but too well account for my indisposition, and I doubt not felt for me.

THE country dances were hardly begun, when Lord L——, the nobleman I before mentioned, came up to me. "Is it possible," said he with some surprise, "that I should find you disengaged! This is fortunate indeed! If I may hope
"for

“ for that honour. I thought it was in vain to ask you before, Mr. Beverly I imagined was the happy man.”—“ No,” said I, “ I had determined not to dance, as I am not very well.”—He expressed most tender regret for my illness; but insinuated that a little exercise would not, he thought, increase it.—“ Well, my lord,” said I, “ if you can put up with a lazy partner, and will indulge me in sitting down when I tire, I will with pleasure join the set with you.”—“ Make your own terms,” answered he, “ it is sufficient that I have the happiness of your company. I am indifferent whether for dancing or sitting; I only proposed the former as more agreeable, than bearing the noise and dust without being partaker of the amusement.”

HE took my hand.—Beverly was dancing; and we hardly joined them, when he came to turn me.—He started back, surprised when he saw me. “ Was this well done, Indiana?” whispered he.—He had time for no more,—nor did I desire leisure to return an answer.—His own heart would inform him why I acted in that manner.—

MY presence was a check upon him and his fair partner. As I happened to stand pretty near them, he durst not so openly pay his court to her.—The lady was not more pleased than he with this circumstance, and eyed me with none of the most cordial glances.—I must own I enjoyed their mutual uneasiness, which they could not entirely conceal from me. My conduct was more open. I listened, and seemed to suffer the assiduities of lord L—— with pleasure.—We frequently sat down together. Mr. Beverly, whose vanity, though not his love, was interested, followed us with his eyes wherever we went; mor-

tified

tified, no doubt, that I should bear his indifference with such ease, and not only that, but could listen with smiling approbation to the addresses of another; for the particular behaviour of lord L—— must convince him I had made a conquest of him, at least for the evening.

ONCE when I resumed my place in the set, lady Caroline whispered the person that stood next her.—But loud enough for me to hear.—“These sort of affected airs are very becoming! don’t you think so? Over delicate!” continued she with a loud laugh.—I coloured with resentment, easily guessing I was the person pointed at in this ridicule, which was occasioned by my so often sitting down. I made no return to her ill nature, but a look of disdain, and being very inattentive, though without seeming to design it, whenever she or her partner were dancing, so that I frequently put them out of the figure.

My lord, either inadvertently, or to mortify lady Caroline, who was far from being a favourite with him, followed my example.—This put the fair one out of all patience; but good breeding compelled her to restrain her anger, which she durst not manifest in any thing but her eyes, and frequent whispers to Beverly, accompanied with a tittering kind of laugh, always glancing a look at me when she uttered it.—He durst not encourage her too much on these occasions, and looked really a little silly, not well knowing how to act, between his love for her, and some remains of respect for me. I believe he was not sorry more than myself when the ball broke up, as it relieved him from a visibly painful restraint.

THE countess took a polite leave of us before she went, as did her daughters.—Mr. Beverly saw them to their carriage, and returned to accompany

company us home. Lord L—— expressed a great deal of regret at parting. Mr. Beverly thought proper to appear a little displeased at it, though I dare say it was all grimace.—He spoke very little all the rest of the way, nor was any of us, you may believe, much inclined to talking.

WE had not been a moment in our lodgings before he made his exit, and I saw no more of him for that night.—A dreadful one it was to me.—My resentment, and the hurry of a crowd, had till then supported my spirits.—But now I had leisure to reflect.—I was sensible of all my misery, and spent the sad tedious hours in tears, hardly closing my eyes; so that my indisposition was greatly increased, and I found myself in the morning hardly able to rise——

MRS. Beverly, anxious to see me, came early to my room to inquire how I had rested. My pale and dejected looks answered her. She embraced me tenderly, and deeply sighing, gazed at me in silence.—“ Shall we go, madam?” said I weeping; “ let us leave this place; I do not like it.”—“ Yes, my dear daughter,” answered she, “ we will set off immediately, if you think “ you can bear the fatigue of the journey.”—— “ I must,” answered I; but call me not your “ daughter; that is all over now. Yet be my “ friend still, I shall stand in great need of that “ consolation.”—I burst again into tears; and casting my arms round her neck, gave free vent to my sorrow.—She wept with me, and both continued some time silent. At last, raising my head, “ Forgive me, madam, for thus affecting “ you,” said I—“ I will try to get the better of “ my weakne’s.”—“ Oh my dearest daughter,” said she, “ I must, I will still call you by that “ endearing name.”——No” said I, “ rather “ endeavour

"endeavour to wean me from those delusive hopes I have too long cherished.—It is now impossible.—Beverly is lost to me for ever, do not attempt to blind me." I sobbed, unable to proceed.—"If he can be such an ungrateful monster," cried she, I renounce him—he is no longer my son.—But it is impossible; your beauty, your uncommon merit"—"Alas! dear madam," said I, "spare me on this subject, I cannot bear it.—It is all over, I see it too plainly; but do not mention any thing of it to your son.—Let him act as he thinks proper, it is in vain to oppose him.—he is lost—irrecoverably lost to me, let us go, and, if possible, without seeing him.—I would not give him cause to triumph in my misery."—

Mrs. Beverly rung, and gave orders for the coach to be got ready immediately. She made no inquiries about Mr. Beverly. "We will drink a dish of coffee here in your room, my dear" said she, "it is necessary to take something before we set out." I made no objections; our slight breakfast was soon over, and in a few minutes we were informed the coach was at the door.

Just as we got into the passage, we met Mr. Beverly. "Where are you going, madam?" said he, in some surprize. "Home," answered she, without looking at him.—"Home!" repeated he, "and without deigning to acquaint me with your intentions! but I shall in a few minutes be ready to attend you."—"No," said Mrs. Beverly sternly, "we want none of your company. I shall send your horses for you."—So saying she followed me into the coach, where I was already seated, "Drive on," said she, leaving her son standing like a statue.—"I almost
"pity

"pity Mr. Beverly," said I;—"I wish you had not left him with such visible marks of displeasure."—"So do not I," answered she, "he deserves more punishment than is in my power to inflict.—But no more of him, my dear, I cannot bear the thoughts of him, unworthy as he has proved himself of the happiness—but I have done,—I see I affect you,—my dear, my amiable Indiana, for such you shall ever be to me."——

WHEN we got to the end of our melancholy journey, I ran to my apartment. Here the first thing that struck my eye was the picture of Mr. Beverly. I gazed at it some moments, then burst into tears, flung myself on the bed, and gave way to a train of tormenting reflections.—You, my dear Clara, who have never experienced any thing of my painful situation, can have no idea of what I then felt.—Heaven forbid you ever should.——

WE have now been a week at home, and have yet heard nothing of Mr. Beverly. The happy Caroline engrosses all his attention.—What a wearisome life do I now lead! How slowly do the hours drag on! How disconsolate is every scene that once was contemplated with pleasure!

The flowers, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.——

I AM now so accustomed to weeping, that I hardly know when my tears flow and when they do not, they have worn themselves so easy a passage.—How solitarily I wander from place to place, seeking rest, but in vain!—I shall never be myself again.—Pity me, Clara, and write immediately when you receive this.—Let me know

know how Fanny does ; I think I love her with redoubled affection, now I am taught to feel how much she has suffered.—Adieu, my friend. Under every change

I am ever

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.



LETTER XXV.

To Miss DANBY.

O MY dear friend ! my dear Indiana ! what shall I say to you ?—Deceitful, smiling villain !—How I hate the monster !—This is too much.—The innocent and lovely Fanny was not a sufficient sacrifice to his vanity.—Must my dear, my accomplished friend too—I cannot go on.

My sister fainted when I read your letter to her.—She determined to quit the world.—All our persuasions are vain.—The protestant nunnery I mentioned in a former letter, is the place she has fixed upon for her retreat. She would before now have put this design in execution, but that with tears I intreated her to allow me more time to reconcile myself to the thoughts of parting with her ; and I am now labouring to bring my mind to submit to my loss.—This dear sister no longer complains of her fate, but is all patient resignation to the will of heaven.

DEVOTION

DEVOTION is her employment and consolation. She is even thankful for a misfortune that seems best calculated to wean her from a world she loved too well.—Though all composure and serenity, she is yet visibly affected with a settled melancholy, that appears even when she is most cheerful.—Oh that you were with us! my dear Indiana! we should sit and tell sad tales of love; and when we heard of one that was like Beverly, cruel and inconstant,—we would pause and wonder at such baseness, and learn to despise the whole perfidious sex.—I renounce them for my part—Bevill, and all, and am half-resolved to follow my sister's example. I know you have spoilt me between you. I have lost all my spirits, and make but a woful figure in the sober way.—It does not sit natural on me. I am neither one thing nor the other.—

I HAD a thousand things more to say to you, but that I hear mamma and Bevill are below.—I wonder what brought that creature here! He could not have come in a more unlucky moment for himself at least, for I shall give him an intolerably cool reception.—

ADIEU, my friend; I leave off with regret. This letter shall go, short as it is, in obedience to your dear commands, which were that I should write immediately. O that cursed Beverly!—I wish I had liberty to swear a little; it would be great ease to me.—Farewell. Believe me more yours than I can express.

CLARA FREEMORE

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L E T T E R XXVI.

To Miss FREEMORE.

A THOUSAND thanks to my dear Clara, for the feeling she kindly expresses for my misfortunes. I will strive, like your amiable sister, to bear them with patience; yet mine are far more dreadful than hers. She was not, like me, deluded with deceitful flattering hopes.—Mine was such a fall from happiness!—May she find her peace restored by the retirement she proposes! I cannot, nor should you, persuade her to relinquish a design that may be for her good. I am convinced numbers live happy in that situation.—What does she give up for it, but a world of care and disappointment?—I don't know but I may one day follow her example.—

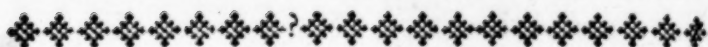
BUT why should you talk so wildly?—Because one is inconstant, is it a sufficient reason to condemn the whole sex without exception?—No; Beville is not less than ever worthy your regard.—Marry him, my dear, and be thankful for your happy lot, for such I am sure you'll have reason to think it. But I hope you need not much persuasion to follow what ought, and I doubt not is your inclination.—Let me at least enjoy the felicity of my friend, whatever misery awaits myself.—

BEVERLY is not yet returned.—Can I wish he should? Why see him, since he no longer loves me?—Would I never had! But these wishes are now too late, for I have lost him and happiness, I fear for ever. What shall I do with myself? I cannot bear this house. Every thing reminds me of him.—My mind is so unsettled, I can determine

termine upon nothing ; yet I should, I think, be easier any where than here.—Adieu, I shall tire you with my complaints ; yet have I no other subject.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.



LETTER XXVII.

TO Miss FREEMORE.

NOW farewell to every shadow of hope.—'Tis all over.—I was sent for to Mrs. Beverly this morning. They told me she was very ill.—“ Ill !” cried I, hurrying down to her, “ good heavens ! where is she ?” The servant opened the parlour door, where I found her with her people about her, who were endeavouring to recover her from a fainting fit. She held a letter open in her hand, which at the first glance I knew to be her son's writing.—A trembling seized me ; and I soon stood in as much need of assistance as herself.—She opened her eyes, and with a deep sigh fixed them on me ; then faintly bidding the servants leave the room, she again turned to me, who sat pale and almost lifeless at some distance from her.

—“ OH ! my beloved Indiana !” said she “ what shall I say to you ?—Summon all your fortitude to your aid.—Yet,” continued she after a pause, “ I cannot tell you. Alas ! you

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"will know but too soon."—"No, madam," cried I eagerly, "now, this instant, put me out of pain; let me know the worst. But this letter," added I, taking it from her, "will, I suppose, save you the trouble.—I am prepared. I half guess its contents by the effect it has produced on you."—"Yet stay, Indiana," seeing me about to leave the room, "give me the fatal letter; you must not read it."—"Indeed I must, madam," said I. "This suspense is worse than certainty.—I will return to you presently." So saying, without waiting for an answer, I flew to my apartment, where locking the door, I read as follows.

TO MRS. BEVERLY.

WHAT language shall I make use of to soften the fault I have been guilty of?—I cannot repent the action which appeared necessary to my happiness.—But to do it without the advice or knowledge of a parent, so intitled to my duty and affection, is, I fear, unpardonable.—Yet how durst I propose a thing of this nature with any prospect of your approbation, when I reflected on the just esteem you have ever entertained for my amiable cousin? I mention that young lady with confusion and remorse.—But should I not have been more inexcusable, could I have continued to affect a passion I no longer felt for her?—Doubtless.—Such merit and beauty as she possessed of, is intitled to a worthier object.—I condemn, nay regret, an inconstancy, that has made me act a part so culpable even in my own eyes. In vain I struggled against the change.—I could not govern a heart whose feelings are not my own power. I thought my passion for her

was too fervent and sincere, ever to know a decrease.—But alas! I was mistaken; my dear lady Caroline convinced me of the contrary.

BELIEVE me, madam, I did not tamely yield to my new and unjust attachment; no; I called my reason, honour, and duty, to my aid, but without effect; they were all too weak to break the enchantment.—I flew to the lovely Indiana for refuge, but in vain.—My eyes saw, my judgment acknowledged her beauty, while I listened with pleasure to her sense.—But my refractory ungovernable heart was cold and unaffected.—What could I do?—To think of an union with her while my affections were placed on another, would not only have been unjust, but must have been a source of misery to us both.—May my accomplished, my ever esteemed cousin, meet with one whose undivided heart is worthy of her,—while I content myself with the choice I have made! Yet tenderly as I love lady Caroline, I must confess the charms of her person are not equal to hers I once aspired to the possession of.—But an over-ruling fate governs us on these occasions. Let this plead in my favour with the gentle Indiana.—I would on my knees sue for that pardon I cannot be happy without. But I dare not, criminal as I am, appear before her in the midst of my wedding joys. My heart is weighed down with the consideration that I lose the esteem of two persons so dear to me.—Will you, for heaven's sake, permit me to see you? I can no longer live without that blessing. Yet dare I not attempt it till you give me leave.—Lady Caroline too!—Dear madam, endeavour to reconcile yourself to a daughter, who, but for your prepossession in favour of another, you'd not fail to love.—She longs to be presented too. Her family

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expect it.—Her beauty, rank and fortune—What shall I say?—I only am in fault; let not then the innocent suffer with the guilty.—My marrying without, though not against your consent, is a crime I plead guilty to. The particular circumstances that accompanied it were a great aggravation of the fault. But still it will, I hope, a little soften your resentment, when you reflect that I have not disgraced our family by an improper alliance.—Suffer nature, dear madam, to plead in favour of a son, who is, with the tenderest affection,

Your obedient, and,

for the future, dutiful

HENRY BEVERLY.

P. S. I shall not enjoy a moment's peace till I am favoured with an answer.

THERE, my dear Clara,—did I not tell you he was lost to me for ever?—Gracious heaven! how shall I support my cruel fate?—Poor forsaken, forsaken Indiana!—Yet he shall not suffer on my account. I will go down to Mrs. Beverly, and plead for his pardon.—Can such a choice as his stand in need of one? I fear not but it will soon be effected. Yet her kind partiality for me!—True, it is a little hard to be despised, rejected. But was it not presumptuous in me to aspire?—Oh! my friend, I am deeply humbled. I cannot bear this subject.—How unfortunate to me our being out of town! I would else have taken the liberty of troubling you with my company for some time,—at least till the visit from the happy pair is over. Where shall I fly to? Shall I

stay and see their triumph, see the exulting lady Caroline with all the parade of bridal finery?—No, I will not treat her vanity with such a feast.—Nor shall Mr. Beverly see the creature he has treated with such scorn. I am not yet sunk so low as to become a subject for their mirth.—I'll leave this house as soon as I have prevailed on Mrs. Beverly to admit their visit.—I wish him happy, ungrateful as he has been to me; nor will I rest till I have used all my endeavours to effect a reconciliation.—Be my wrongs forgot. The love I had for him is not yet extinguished, nor can I forget he was once dear to me. May he never repent his perhaps worthier choice, while I endeavour to blot from my memory those blissful scenes that are past, never, alas! to be recalled. My future prospects are all dark and clouded. My sun of happiness is set, never to rise again, since there is nothing now in life that can animate my hopes, or engage my pursuits.—All is dreary and disconsolate.—Farewell, my dear Clara. Let not my friend be inconstant, though my lover is; for nothing but death can dissolve that of

Your

INDIANA DANBY

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LETTER XXVIII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

WHAT a consolation to me are your letters, my dear Clara! they are the language of your generous heart.—I know you grieve for my misfortunes.—Yet I thank you for the kind assurance; it soothes me. I cannot be entirely out of conceit with myself, since you think me worthy your affection.—I have at last, though with great difficulty, succeeded in my suit to Mrs. Beverly; she consents to see her son; yet assures me she can never love him as she has done; nor would she have admitted him to her presence but for my pressing entreaties. “I can refuse you nothing,” said she, “you govern me as you please. Shall a parent be more backward to forgive than you whom he has so greatly injured? Good heavens!” added she lifting up her hands and eyes, “what a generous, noble nature is yours! How does this goodness in pleading for an ingrate, that merits nothing but your hatred and resentment, enhance his guilt!—But he will repent his falsehood one day or other, or I am much mistaken in the character of his wife. Then will he curse the folly of his hasty choice, and too late know the value of a treasure he could never merit.” She embraced me tenderly while she spoke. I could not restrain my tears.—She looked at me some moments in silence, and again clasped me to her breast.—“I will write then to him,” said she, “but how shall I govern my passion so far as to keep it within bounds?—But does my In-

“diana propose to stay?”—She stopped—“I understand you, madam,” said I; “I do not. I intend paying a visit to lady Worthy for a few weeks. I will return when your guests have left you.”—I could add no more, my heart was so full, but left the room with precipitation.—Mrs. Beverly’s letter is on its way by this time.—I have sent to inform lady Worthy that I propose being with her on Tuesday.—She is an agreeable woman, but is at present in great affliction for the loss of an only son. Her grief has impaired her health; he was a very promising young man.—Really, my dear, I fear I repine at trifling misfortunes, if compared to hers; but I cannot help it. I find but little consolation in considering that others are as wretched as myself; though this is generally used as an argument to console us, but with small effect. ’Tis not the nature of calamity, but the manner in which we feel it, that ought to be the rule for judging of people’s misfortunes, since from our own minds our griefs and satisfactions spring.—A person of a different disposition might perhaps bear my disappointment with indifference; but I am deeply affected either with grief or joy. Happy are they who have less sensibility; such only can expect to pass calmly through a life so subject to vicissitudes.—So your dear sister still perseveres in her resolution, notwithstanding Mrs. Freemore’s reluctance.—I hope that lady will give her consent.—I think she will never be happy if she is not permitted to follow her inclination. I make no doubt it gives her great pain to be obliged to refuse you. Try, therefore, my dear friend, rather to reconcile your mamma to it, without you could prevail on her to accompany you to town; she might then perhaps recover a relish for its pleasures; but in
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the country there is no likelihood of a change, as there is nothing to excite her attention.—Could it be prevented, it were a pity a young lovely girl like her should be lost to the world. Yet what, alas! is this world we are so apt to doat upon? To me at least it has very few attractions. I could wish it had more. One should not be too refined on one's notions of pleasure, but take them as they are. I envy those who have a relish, and are diverted with trifles; they are wiser in the main than those who despise them, and have many more sources of amusement. If we never suffer ourselves to be pleased but with what will bear examination, we are likely to pass through life with very little satisfaction.—Adieu, my dear Clara, Mrs. Beverly sends for me. I will write to you from lady Worthy's. Till then, believe me

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

G 5

L. E. T.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To the same.

WHAT an obliging woman is lady Worthy! she knows my story, and omits nothing in her power to divert my melancholy!—Her house is pleasantly situated; the front windows look to the road, where there is a constant succession of passengers. I frequently lay down my pen to take a view of them.—But from what motive do you think? Cannot you guess—who is expected to-day? They must go this way to the Grove—O! now you understand me.—Yes, my dear, I may, I hope, be permitted to be an humble spectator.—Hark! I hear the noise of some carriage, I must look out.—It was them, it was himself.—Oh Beverly! lie still, my fluttering heart,—what have you to do with him now? why these emotions? once I might indulge them.—But is he not married? Happy—happy lady Caroline!—Oh! my dear Clara, I saw him. The coach stopped just under the windows while he gave some orders to the servants.—Heavens! how lovely he looked! Why did I yield to my foolish curiosity?—How imprudent! But I severely suffered for it.—His dress spoke the bridegroom. No doubt the bride too had neglected no ornament that could add to her natural beauty.—Four servants on horseback followed the carriage, with white and silver favours in their hats.—I can write no more.—My heart dies within me.—Envied lady Caroline! miserable forsaken Indiana?—I heard him speak, heard

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his insinuating, well-known voice ! that still sounds in my ears. Oh, Beverly ! dear, instant Beverly !

L E T T E R X X X .

Miss DANBY to Miss CLARA FREEMORE.

I AM determined to leave England. Lady Worthy has long had thoughts of going to the South of France for the recovery of her health ; the physicians assure her there is nothing so likely to effect it.—I have offered to accompany her. She received the proposal with joy, and I now only wait for Mrs. Beverly's consent, which, I hope, she will not refuse me.—How shall I avoid the sight of him that is so fatal to my peace ? If I stay at Mrs. Beverly's, either in town or country, I must be under a necessity of meeting with him.—Alas ! my dear unfortunate parent, where shall your poor orphan wander ! how recover her lost happiness !—Would I could find you, my beloved father ; with what joyful haste would I fly to your arms for shelter against the frowns of fortune !—But where shall I direct my steps in search of you ? —Oh, my dear Clara ! a thousand tender ideas rush upon my mind ; I must vent them in tears. —Adieu.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T -

LETTER XXXI.

To Miss FREEMORE.

I HAVE informed Mrs. Beverly of my resolution. She was shocked at first; but I gave her such just reasons for it, that she has at last given her reluctant consent.—I am preparing for my departure.—O my Clara! shall I not see you first? But it is better not.—I could not bear the pain of a formal parting.—I dread the thoughts of it with Mrs. Beverly. But I shall, I hope, return to both my beloved friends happier than I leave them. Absence and a variety of new objects will, I trust, restore me to myself again.—But write to me once more, my dear, before I go.—I shall enjoy but few of your valuable letters, when at so great a distance; dreadfully long will be the interval between them.—Farewel, my true friend; if you love me, let me soon hear the pleasing news that you have rewarded the constant passion of the deserving Bevil To him, your mamma, and dear sister, I beg you will present my respects and best wishes.—Once more adieu. I hardly know how to leave off writing to you. But I must at last subscribe myself,

Your affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

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LETTER XXXII.

To Miss DANBY.

O Indiana! will you go, and without seeing me too? I cannot bear it.—Stay, my dear friend, stay, let me embrace you once again before we part, perhaps for ever.—I will set out immediately for the Grove. But you will be gone before I can get to you.—Cruel Indiana!—I tell you again I must see you; I shall die with grief if I do not.—Stay, I conjure you, stay till I come. I have already given orders for my journey. I am fretful with impatience.

MUST I try to compose myself enough to tell you what passes here?—O that abominable voyage! and the more abominable Beverly!—how I hate them both, and his mate too! I pray Heaven he may repent his bargain. But I am sure he must. A coquette! delightful character for a wife, to be sure!—So you advise me to become one as fast as I can. You are right, to be sure. Fickle wretches! they are not, indeed, to be depended on.—Well, to oblige you, my dear, I think I will e'en take the man; for one had best do it while they are in the mind; no trusting to the future. To own the truth, I have half given my consent already.

My aunt insists on having the wedding solemnized, as she calls it, at her house.—Bevil is an immense favourite with her. She tells me he comes nearest her ideas of a true refined lover of any man she ever met with. Pity they had not known one another sooner, before the good soul was so stricken in years. They would have made a mighty comfortable sober couple.

But

BUT how can I suffer my pen to trifle, when I have such cause to be serious?—My friend going to such a distance from me, and the dear Fanny already entered on her state of probation, where I am denied the pleasure of seeing her; for she made me promise not to attempt a visit till the three months are over, in which she is to make trial of her new way of life.—“If I continue to enjoy the sight and company of my friends,” said she, “I shall never be able to form a judgment of my retirement.—I shall know no change. Let me then, my dear sister, try if I can have any relish for it, when deprived of what would make any place agreeable. I must divest myself of every enjoyment, but what I can find within the walls of my convent; since if I take the vows, I must lay my account with losing them. I shall but seldom see you after that. You are going, my dear Clara, to enter upon new connections, by marrying a worthy man. You cannot then be much in the country; I must therefore endeavour to wean myself from your society, before I am compelled to renounce it.—But be punctual to your correspondence, your letters will be a great consolation to me.”

OUR parting was very moving; but nothing could alter her fixed resolution.—Adieu, my dear, I will be more particular when I see you, which I am determined to attempt before you put your cruel design in practice. I shall defer my journey no longer than till to-morrow morning.—Bevil will accompany me. Once more adieu.

Yours affectionately,

CLARA FREEMORE.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

THE chaise waits for me, my dear Clara. Lady Worthy is already on her feet.—But I must bid you once more adieu before I go, tho' I so lately did it in person.

ALAS! my friend, that was a cruelly kind visit; I wish you had spared it for both our sakes; I should not then have felt such excessive regret at leaving you. Absence had a little weaned me; but the enjoyment of your company, though for so short a time, makes me doubly sensible to the loss of it. But farewell, my beloved, dearest friend; let us soften absence by a constant and regular correspondence, and unchangeable affection for each other. I will answer for myself; for I can never cease to be

Your affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S. Read the inclosed, you may guess what answer I sent.

To Miss INDIANA DANBY.

WILL the most amiable of her sex permit me now to break the painful restraint I had imposed on myself? May I permit a ray of hope to brighten the gloom that has so long surrounded me?—My rival, now unworthy of that honour, is now removed. Dare I then flatter myself, happy as you once made me, in a declaration of
your

your esteem (a blessing that had enabled me, tho' barred of more delightful hopes, to endure a life that would, without it, have been insupportable) may I, I say, once more presume to make an offer of a heart that long has been, and ever must be yours?—I may boast its constancy, however deficient in other perfections.

ALAS! adorable Indiana, if you reject all but those who are worthy of you, our whole sex must despair. But if a sincere, tender, and respectful passion has any influence with you, if the man whose sole study and happiness would be to merit your approbation, can be intitled to your regard, I may aspire to that envied felicity; since no breast ever glowed with a purer flame than mine. My pen is unequal to the task of describing what I feel.

PERMIT me then, dear madam, to be admitted to your presence; let me there at your feet pour out the fulness of my heart, and receive a doom that will either crown with felicity, or condemn to wretchedness, him who is, with inexpressible affection,

Your devoted

CHARLES MANLY.

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LETTER XXXIV.

To Miss DANBY.

THAT vile sea! you terrify me to death, my dear Indiana, with the account of your voyage. Thank Heaven, you escaped the danger.—How kind was my friend! and how much am I obliged to her for writing so soon! though I could not express my thanks before your second letter, as I was not certain where to direct to you. I should have expired with apprehension, had you deferred immediately informing me of your safe landing. I am such a coward, that I think nothing could tempt me to trust myself on the inconstant element.—No, commend me to terra firma.—But you were always fond of rambling. May your travels produce the desired effect, and restore you to peace and happiness! I have known absence and salt water successfully applied on the like occasions. The French are a gay people; they tell me the very air of the country inspires one with spirits.

WISH me joy, my dear; would you believe it? I am actually metamorphosed into a wife, a mere downright wife; a domestic one too, and as notable as you please. Mamma is delighted with my behaviour, so is Bevil; but no wonder, it is the honey-moon with him yet.—I prevailed on Fanny to be present at the ceremony.—Badly judged, I fear; the silly figure I made on the occasion, was not likely to put her out of conceit with her single life. She was, however, more chearful than she had been for some time before. This gave me hopes that we might prevail on her to come amongst us again. But I
was

was mistaken; for a few days after she had been witness to my rash vow, she took hers, though the time of probation was not expired. The reason she gave for it was, that being fixedly resolved to do it some time or other, she chose it should be while I remained in the country, that I might return the compliment, to be present at her ceremony, as she had been at mine.—I was so; but I shall never forget it: hardly had I spirits to support myself through the melancholy scene. But she was all composure; never did I see her look more lovely. Her countenance wore a smile of serenity, while, with an unflinching tongue, she audibly pronounced her resignation of the world, and all its pomps and vanities. Every body wept but herself. Several of our friends, as well as strangers, were in the outward chapel.—When they were gone, we spent the rest of the day, though seriously, yet not without pleasure, in company with her and the rest of the ladies.

I AM very concise in my account of this affair, as I am fearful of lowering your spirits by grave subjects.—Let me, therefore, change it to the trifling parade of wedding visits, form and ceremony.

WHO do you think has honoured me with her company on that occasion?—No less than lady Caroline; she came with Mrs. Beverly.—I was excessively fluttered at the sight of her, and had scarce so much command of myself as to behave with common civility. I hate her heartily. She is handsome though, I must acknowledge, but so over-run with airs and graces, that I was out of patience. A poor affected vain creature! Great proof of Beverly's judgment, to be sure, to make such a choice! Infatuated wretch!—But my life for it, he repents by this time.

SHE

SHE is vastly pleased with me, it seems. I have a great deal of the bon-ton, she says; something spirited and degagée in my manner; hopes to be better acquainted; would be pleased with an intimacy between us.—In that she will find herself mistaken.—But good-manners obliged me to return the visit, which, however, I deferred as long as I decently could.—But what was my surprize, to find the knocker bound up, and the street before her door covered with straw!—What can this mean? thought I; is her ladyship already delivered? She dispatches business with great expedition indeed! Not married five months, and already, I suppose, a son and heir produced!

WHILE I was ill-naturedly enough enjoying those thoughts, the door opened.—I asked the servant for his lady. She was very ill, he said. Upon which I was going to give orders to leave a card, when who should make his appearance but Mr. Beverly. “For Heaven’s sake come in for a few minutes,” said he, opening the chariot door, “I have a thousand things to say to you.”—“So have not I,” answered I; “the visit was to your lady.” “No matter,” said he, taking my hand, “it shall be mine now; pray oblige me, dear creature; I insist upon it.”—“What does the man want?” said I, suffering him to lead me into a parlour.—“There now, be quick, I have no time to lose in your company; it is not so agreeable to me.”—“Civil creature!” said he, “thank you for the compliment. Let me, in return, salute and wish you joy of matrimony.” “The same to you, Sir: I have not seen you since your wife and commendable choice.”—“Hush!” said he, “no more on that subject, if you please; it is unpolite, you know, to talk to a man of
“his

“ wife.”—“ But a wife like yours,” said I, “ a fine lady, a fair lady, an afflicted lady, a lady for whom you broke through every tie of honour, of gratitude, of justice”—“ Softly, softly, a little at a time, if you please, or I shall never be able to retain what you say upon the occasion.—But come, to silence you, and stop any further railing, I have only this remedy ;”—and the wretch had the assurance to kiss me.

I PUSHED him away with real indignation. “ Pretty airs these,” said I, “ you give yourself ! I think a little gravity would better become a man whose dearly-beloved is ill. What is her distemper, pray ? Not brought to bed already, I hope !”—“ No faith,” said he, “ not quite so bad as that neither, though bad enough in all conscience : no less than the small pox. Devil take them, she will be a fright, I suppose, should she even recover.”—“ O ! thank Heaven,” said I, “ I pray heartily she may ; it is no matter, you know ; what care you for her person ? It was not a set of features or complexion, the tincture of a skin that you admired her for, or you would never have forsaken for her one that so much excelled her in these perfections ; and not in those only, but in every other.—A woman”—“ Spare me,” said he, interrupting me, “ and I will whisper a secret to you.—I repent ; but mum—it is past.”—“ I am glad of it,” said I. “ Is that your lady’s picture ?” looking at one that hung over the chimney.—“ Yes,” answered he, “ a flattered one.”—“ And yet,” said I, taking yours that hung at my watch, and comparing them, “ how infinitely short does it come of this ?”—He eagerly seized it.—“ Let go,” said I ; “ dare not pollute it by your unhal-
“ lowed

“lowed touch.—It is the image of a divinity, nor
 “are you worthy either of the shadow or sub-
 “stance.”—“I own it,” said he, “but” (tak-
 ing it from my watch, and pressing it to his lips)
 —“thus let me worship it.”—Then looking
 some moments on it with tenderness in his eyes,
 —“Angelic creature!” added he, “this is, in-
 “deed, her resemblance, her sweet smile,—her
 “lovely features! Health, innocence, beauty,
 “and a thousand nameless graces, play upon her
 “countenance.”

HE opened his waistcoat, and was putting it to
 his breast.—“Softly,” said I, “pray return it
 “to its right owner, to one who knows how to
 “value it.”—“No,” said he with eagerness,
 “by Heaven, it is and shall be mine; no force on
 “earth shall make me relinquish it. ‘Thus next
 “my heart I place it, and there it ever shall re-
 “main.”—“The man’s mad,” said I; “don’t
 “be silly, Beverly; you will make me quite
 “angry.” “I cannot help it, my dear Clara,
 “forgive my freedom; but that was the name I
 “knew you by in those happy days that are fled,
 “alas! for ever.—But as to the picture, I tell
 “you once more, nay swear, I never will part
 “with it.”

I WAS quite vexed, and condemned my folly
 for having shewn it to him.—I urged, intreated,
 said every thing I could think of, to make him re-
 store it.—“Pity it is,” said he, smiling, “who
 “talks well should ever talk in vain. But by
 “yourself, your charming self, I swear”——
 “Pha,” cried I, “give it me, I must be gone;
 “too much time have I already wasted in trifling
 “with you.—Come, give me the picture, and
 “go up, like a good spouse, and nurse your mate
 “as you ought.”—“No, I think we will defer
 “that,”

“that,” said he; but if you will be so cruel to leave me so soon, I must endeavour to console myself with this resemblance of your lovely friend. Yes, leave me; I long to sit down to contemplation. Heavens! what a pleasingly painful feast will it be! Oh, Indiana!”——
 “Indiana, Oh! you should add,” said I, “to complete your rant. Upon my word, you are a strange creature.—Indeed I always believed you half mad; but I thought matrimony would have sobered you.”——“So it has, with a vengeance,” said he. “Devil take it, I was bewitched, when, like a fool, I submitted my neck to the yoke.—But ’tis past, and I must make the best of a bad bargain.”

“VERY pretty,” said I; “I wish your lady heard you; she would read you a fine curtain lecture upon the occasion. A fine idea you will give me of a husband!—Truly I have made a noble hand of myself, if they are all like you!—But come, the picture, the picture; good Beverly, give it me.”——“Take it,” said he, extending his arms, “open my breast, and search for it.” “Upon my word, I have a great mind.”——“Do,” said he, “and this is the way I would serve you,” catching me in his arms.

I STRUGGLED, and looked grave.—“Very well, Sir,” said I; “upon my word, this is pretty free behaviour.”——“Pardon me, dear Mrs. Bevil, no more Clara. Observe, I am now all respect. What is past was on the strength of old acquaintance. I have known the time when I durst romp without all this ceremony.—But you are married, and will not take things as you have done. I stand corrected. I had forgot you are no longer the gay, good-natured,

"natured, sprightly Miss Freemore.—A plague on this marriage, it's good for nothing but to make people formal and stupid."—"Yet," said I, "that effect is not very visible in you at least.—But adieu. And once more, seriously, will you restore the picture or not?"

"Restore the lock, she cried, and all around,—
"Restore the lock, the vaulted roofs resound."

"No, seriously, then; and once for all," added he, "I will not."—"Mighty well, Sir," said I.—"Dear creature," cried he interrupting me, and taking my hand, "do not look grave again; you cannot think how ill you become it.—Forgive me, and let me lead you peaceably to your chariot, since you will leave me."—What could I do? I saw it was in vain to argue further with him; yet I was vexed, and took but a cold leave.

AND now, my dear, let me ask you what you think of his behaviour. He is an unaccountable creature, it is true; but to me it is plain he still likes you. I am of opinion he ever has; and that his marriage with your rival was rather caprice than love. He knew not the strength of his passion, because he had no difficulties to encounter. He believed himself free, as anxiety and uneasiness, those almost constant attendants on that passion, were removed. Had he met with obstacles, I will lay my life he had been constant to this hour.

LADY Caroline was a fine showy woman; a coquette too; this might excite his vanity. He wished, I suppose, to shew he had power to conquer a heart even so changeable and fickle as hers.

her's.—He met with encouragement, persevered, and, in short, play'd the fool and married.—

BUT, hang him, let's say no more about him ; but, by way of revenge even fall in love with a French count, marquis, baron, or somebody however ; or if you cannot find in your heart to do it, resume your indifference at least.—Tell me once more you are easy and happy, and I will bid defiance to fortune.

BEVIL popped in upon me just then, and desires me to say a thousand civil things to you for him.—Unconscionable ! Does he not see I have hardly room left to assure my Indiana that I am, with sincere and unalterable affection, her Clara Freemore——Bevil I mean——always making mistakes with this new name of mine.

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LETTER XXXV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I AM amazed, my dearest Clara, that I have received no answer to my two last letters, dated from Paris. I fear they have miscarried, and am extremely uneasy.—Sure my friend is not ill. Heaven forbid! write immediately, and ease my fears. I know, and make some allowance for your new state, which will leave you less time to dispose of in writing; but let your dear letters rather be shorter than less frequent.

I HAVE almost recovered my former tranquillity. Travelling agrees with me, and I grow every day more fond of it. We are now at the Spa, and I like our manner of living here better than at Paris.

LADY Worthy has received great benefit from the waters. There is a great deal of good company at the wells; some as invalids, but more for pleasure. Amongst the former is the amiable marchioness de Gramont, and her more amiable son; they are constantly of our party, and we make a thousand agreeable excursions round this pleasant country. The marchioness is still a fine woman, and has a great deal of vivacity in her conversation, as indeed most foreigners have. Her son, the handsomest man I ever saw;—I except none, not even Beverly. He is naturally as lively, but he has ill health, which gives a kind of pleasing languor to his manner that affects one. I cannot tell you how, (now none of your sagacity,) one feels a sort of tenderness for him, a kind of pity. 'Tis pity, you know, to see so fine a youth deprived of so great a blessing as health.

Yet it gives, I think, a remarkable and engaging softness to his behaviour, and a delicacy to his person, that makes him extremely lovely.

THE ladies here are all dying for him, but they accuse him of insensibility. I do not think the reproach is just. I rather fear—pho! fear!—no; think I mean, love is the cause of his melancholy. Yet can he be unsuccessful?—Impossible—if the fair one's affections were not pre-engaged.—Upon my word, to do him justice, he is—but you'll be spiteful, and suspect something, if I say much more.—

WELL then, let us talk of the marchioness. She professes a great friendship for me, which I return with sincerity. We are, as I told you, almost constantly together. I always attend her and lady Worthy to the wells, where they sometimes prevail on me to drink the waters. Shocking stuff it is, my dear. The marquis is highly delighted at the grimaces I make on these occasions, for which I punish him by compelling him to drink a glass or two extraordinary.

WE generally walk till breakfast, after which some party of pleasure is proposed for our morning amusements.—Chaises are ordered, and we make visits to some of the neighbouring fountains.—It frequently happens that I have the marquis for my companion. I cannot say I am displeased on these occasions, as his conversation is extremely engaging.—I must remark too, that it is always owing to his management when we go together; yet don't shake your head, Clara, for he has never yet made me the least profession of love, nor do I really believe he ever intends it so you need be under no apprehensions for me.

WE return from our jaunts with excellent appetites, the common effect of the waters, and

dine agreeably without ceremony, as that troublesome guest is banished from this place, where all strive to make agreeable.—

WE have frequent balls, at which the marquis is constantly my partner; (the marquis again! I thought you proposed to talk of something else;) patience, my dear, I will presently. The ladies begin to rally me on my conquest, for such they will have it, but I am sure they are mistaken.—

Now, to oblige you, I will drop the subject for one more grave.—I have privately made inquiry for my father, guided by the circumstances I knew of his history: but in vain. I have not gained the least intelligence.—How unfortunate! he is ever in my thoughts. But alas! I fear I shall never see him.—I was miserable while at Paris; that place was constantly bringing his misfortunes to my mind. This is now almost my sole affliction; for Beverly no longer gives me pain, unworthy as he is of my regard. I triumph in the conquest of a passion so ill placed. For the future I will guard my heart against that tyrant love, and cherish my late restored indifference.—

I THINK I see you smile, and slyly name the marquis:—But fear not, I feel no symptoms;—at least I hope not;—but when I do you may be assured I will, with my usual frankness, acknowledge the weakness.—But do you think it possible to love twice? I fancy not, for my part.—But time will determine.

FAREWELL, my dear Clara, 'tis late, and we rise early; for which two reasons I must bid you good night, after assuring you I am affectionately

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

DO you know I really begin to suspect that the marquis has a tenderness for me?—And hark while I whisper, what I almost blush to own, I fear my heart is once more going to be refractory. It gives me great uneasiness; for I know it too well not to dread the consequence.—I found myself out by some bad symptoms, a little jealousy. He was last night very particular, I thought, to a pretty young creature who is lately come to the Spa.—I was peevish and out of humour upon it:—and when he requested as usual the pleasure, as he was pleased to call it, of dancing with me, I refused.—He was surprised, sighed, looked chagrined, and disappointed. A few minutes after I stood up with another gentleman, who is suspected to have a partiality for me.—The marquis turned pale, complained of being ill, and left the company. I then too late repented what I had done, as this was a convincing proof of his indifference for the other lady.

A VERY disagreeable evening did I pass with my partner. All the compliments and fine speeches with which I was honoured were lost upon me, impatient only for the assembly breaking up.—I hardly closed my eyes the whole night, and arose next morning earlier than usual, longing for the hour of going to the wells. How tedious did the interval appear! But at last lady Worthy sent for me to accompany her to the marchioness. She was ready, and we set off together; I lingering and looking back, but the marquis appeared.—How much was I rejoiced

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when lady Worthy inquired after his health, and expressed her surprise at not seeing him, hoping his last night's illness had not confined him to the house. "No," said the marchioness, "he went out this morning very early, the servants tell me. I suppose we shall meet him at the fountain." Scarcely had she spoke when he approached; his arms folded, and an air of melancholy on his countenance.—"Where have you been?" said the marchioness. "These ladies have been honouring you with inquiry after your health.—A pretty gentleman! to give us the slip, when we have so long permitted you the favour of being our beau. Take my word for it we will discharge you from your office, if you are not more punctual in your attendance."—"O! heaven forbid!" cried he, "rather let me hope the ladies will forgive this first fault, which does not, I flatter myself, merit so severe a punishment. I could not rest last night," (he looked at me, sighing as he spoke) "which obliged me to rise earlier than usual; and not well knowing what to do with myself, I took a solitary ramble, but was, when you met me, returning to escort you."—"Well, ladies," said the marchioness, "what say you? Shall we forgive him! I believe we must, he looks very penitent."—We smiled our assent.—As he walked next me, he contrived to detain me a little behind the rest, on pretence of pointing out to me the beauty of a prospect: "I cannot, madam, be at rest," said he, "till I know how I have had the misfortune to offend you; yet your behaviour to me last night convinces me I have; heaven knows how unwillingly!—You cannot imagine how wretched I have been ever since. My happiness

“ness depends on your esteem: if I lose that, I shall indeed be miserable.”—“Why should you think you have?” said I.—“Why!” cried he hastily. “Ah! madam, had I not cause? did you not, and with disdain too, I thought, refuse me an honour I had so long enjoyed, and of which I was gratefully sensible.”—“Well,” said I, “be not so serious about a trifle.”—“Trifle!” repeated he, with earnestness; “would I could think it so! But to me it appears in a different light.”—“Forget it, Sir,” said I, “and forgive me. I own I was a little capricious last night; for to do you justice, you have never given me the least cause of offence; on the contrary, I have a sincere esteem for you. Here is my hand, let us be friends again.” He took it with a respectful tenderness.—“Ten thousand thanks for this goodness,” said he, “you have restored me to peace again.”—“Enough,” said I, smiling, “that affair is settled, let us make haste to join the marchioness; she’ll wonder what detains us.”—

At dinner some of the company proposed to go to Jeronstere, as there was no ball in the evening. The jaunt was agreed to, as far preferable to sitting down to cards, which is generally the amusement when such parties are not proposed. The marquis took care to secure me for his companion, and we set off together. Our conversation was on general topics; yet his eyes spoke a more interesting language. I am a little amazed at his behaviour. If he loves, why should he conceal it, since a declaration of that nature would, I fear, be too favourably received.—Yes, Clara, I find I have once more yielded to the tenderness of my nature. My heart, formed for
love,

love, and full of sensibility, has not been able to resist his insinuating charms. I no longer triumph in indifference, but feel a pleasure in yielding to the sweet infatuation.

WHAT agreeable sensations did I not experience in our little journey! His looks, his voice, his manner, were all enchanting softness; and hardly could I forgive the marchioness for separating us in our return, though I believe she had no particular design in it; her son's fine intelligent eyes spoke his regret.—

Do you not wonder, Clara, at my weakness, after having already suffered so much by that passion? But I cannot help it, it is my fate, and I must submit.—What will be the end of it heaven knows. The behaviour of the marquis is a little unaccountable; but what one wishes is easily believed. I am willing to suppose it proceeds from diffidence; yet in other respects one cannot accuse him of being bashful.—I hope he will not much longer keep me in suspense, that is, I own, rather painful.

I REJOICE at your happiness, my dear Clara. Did I not tell you Beville was a worthy man? Long may your harmony continue, and every other blessing your heart can wish, is the sincere prayer of

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

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L E T.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I WRITE from the most delightful place in the world, the marquis's chateau; a noble one it is, surrounded by most enchanting walks and gardens, in which the just and elegant taste of their owner is every where displayed. I should never be weary of admiring their beauties: beauties which the amiable marquis takes obliging pains to point out to me.—Every time I converse with him my esteem and admiration increases, for never did I meet with one who joined such agreeable vivacity to an uncommon share of sense. Beverly was as lively, but his wit too frothy, and would not stand the test, if divested of the grace his handsome person and specious manner gave it; but every word the marquis utters will bear examination, for his sentiments are not only striking, but just: nor are his hearers less edified than amused; he has read a great deal, speaks with propriety on every subject, and men as well as books have been his study.—The sensible and amiable marchioness has an equal share of my admiration. 'Tis owing to the great care she has taken of his education, (for his father died while he was young) that he now is the accomplished fine gentleman.

I AM charmed with the regularity and ease with which every thing is conducted in this family.—The servants so punctually observant of their duties,—so respectful, though treated with great gentleness and becoming condescension; they almost adore their master; and with reason, for he is generously considerate of their interest, and

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has handsomely provided for those who have grown old in the service of his family; and the rest are sure of the same kindness if they do not wilfully forfeit his favour.

How happy will that woman be, my dear Mrs. Bevil, who by an alliance with such a man, would have such animating examples to excite her to praise-worthy actions!—Don't smile, for I assure you it is not at all likely to be my fate.—The marquis is still silent as to one interesting subject; and since I came here, more than usually cautious of giving me reason to suspect that he feels for me any other sentiments than those of friendship.—Yet why do his eyes—but I fear I am too apt to misinterpret their language.—I could wish—I don't know what, my dear: My situation is a little teasing, a kind of suspense.—How silly! What do I wait for?—I despise myself.—If he likes me, there can be no reason that I can see to conceal it.—My fortune is not contemptible. My birth—and then the marchioness so fond of me too!—But as he pleases.—I hope my heart is not so deeply engaged that—but no matter; a little time will convince me either that he loves, or is indifferent. If the latter, I trust my pride on such an occasion; it may properly be called to my aid; and will, I hope, enable me to be equally so.—

How swiftly do the hours roll on in such agreeable company! Music, reading, and the visits of the neighbouring gentry, employ our time.—The marquis omits nothing that he thinks can amuse us, and never man had a more elegant taste for pleasure: he has the art of giving novelty to every scheme we engage in; so that we feel nothing of that languor and insipidity that so often destroy the effects intended by pleasureable

pleasureable parties.—But I must not indulge myself in too great a fondness for scenes that a few weeks will deprive me of. We have already been here a fortnight: in less than another we shall take our leave of a place that a variety of causes has endeared to me. But shall I not then return to England to my Clara, and the rest of my friends? Will not these more than compensate for the loss of these more lately acquired ones? Doubtless. Yet—but wishes are vain.—What would I give that this amiable family were to accompany us! But it cannot be. I must leave them, and for ever too, I fear; for there is little likelihood of my taking a second ramble, and far less that the marchioness should think of paying me a visit in England; and her son can have no curiosity, where other motives are wanting, to see a place where he has formerly been in the course of his travels; so there are no hopes of any thing of that kind.

I MUST leave you, my dear, it is near the hour of going to church.—This reminds me of one circumstance in my character of this family, which, though a very material one, I had almost omitted, namely, that they are protestants, which the marchioness tells me will be accounted for when I know her history, which she has promised to favour me with the relation of before I leave her.—Had they been of a different persuasion, you may believe I would not have indulged hopes, which yet I fear—yes, I own I fear—will prove fruitless.—Adieu, dear Clara, believe me

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

MY dear creature, it is all over. Born to disappointment, I must submit to the severity of my fate; yet it is no easy matter to be resigned.—My affair with Beverly did not so sensibly affect me as this severe blow to all my flattering hopes of felicity, which if I had arrived at, would, I doubt not, have crowned my future days of joy.—But it is over—vanished like a dream, and I awake to real misery.—Alas! what an end have I made of my travels! went in search of my lost peace, which I regained in some measure, only to lose more fatally.—Once more I must fly from an object that has ensnared my too unguarded heart.—Why is my nature subject to such weakness? why endued with a sensibility that has condemned me to such painful sensations?—How I accuse my too sanguine hopes, that could build upon such slender, such conjectural foundations!—But I am punished, and too late regret my folly.—The marquis, my dear.—But take the particulars.

THE marchioness's woman was assisting me in dressing this morning.—I was taking notice of some very fine pictures that hung in my apartment, and amongst others one of a very beautiful woman, that was placed in a closet, and a green curtain drawn before it. I asked, if that fair lady that was thus carefully concealed was one of the family. "Yes," answered the servant, sighing, "she was once so."—"Is she dead then?" said I.—"No, madam," returned she, shaking her head, "I wish she was; it would

“ would be happy for the marquis.”—“ For the marquis!” cried I eagerly.—“ Yes,” said she, “ for the marquis; it is to her he owes all his misery.”—“ Explain yourself,” said I, trembling for the event.—“ Why, madam,” continued she, “ that is the picture of his lady.”—“ Of his lady!” said I, sitting down, almost breathless.—“ Yes, madam, to his cost, I am sorry to say it, but the young marchioness is ill deserving of so charming a husband. They have been parted some time; and all owing to her bad conduct, for he is the sweetest tempered gentleman in the world; but he is determined never to see her again—nor is she ever mentioned in his presence, for there are no hopes of a reconciliation. To be sure she has a sad turn for gallantry, as indeed too many of our French ladies have; but the marquis is none of your tame complaisant husbands; he has frequently endangered his life by duels on her account.—Dear gentleman! to be sure it was a great pity the late marquis should make up a marriage so contrary to his inclinations; for I have heard it was from motives of duty, while he was very young, and not love, that he consented to the match.—I am sure it is a thousand pities he should have flung himself away on one so unworthy, when there are so many fine virtuous women that are dying for him; for I assure you, madam, he is universally admired.”

IN this manner she ran on, and might for hours, for any power I had to interrupt her.—Was there ever any thing like it, Clara? I cannot express what I then felt, but I know it was with great difficulty I kept myself from fainting.—It was well my dress was almost finished, which gave me liberty to dismiss my attendant.—But

when

when she was gone I sat like one thunderstruck; I could hardly recollect my scattered senses.—Lady Worthy found me in that condition. She twenty times asked me the cause of my grief.—(for my tears at length had forced a passage) before I could compose myself enough to make a distinct answer; but when I did, it was ingenuously to own the truth, conjuring her to invent some pretence for our immediate departure. She endeavoured to sooth, and generously forbore to condemn my too great imprudence.—“Compose yourself, my dear,” said she, “that we may give no suspicions to the family. Govern yourself as much as possible for a day or two that I may take necessary measures for our departure. I will make the necessity of it clear enough to the marchioness: she shall not, you may depend on it, have any room to suspect the cause. It is happy for you, my dear, that the marquis is not to be at home to-day: this is a favourable circumstance, as it will give you time to prepare yourself before you see him again. But I must greatly condemn him for his behaviour. Why was his marriage kept secret? It is true, I believe, he loves you, and that would make it the more difficult for him to reveal it; but if he had had any honour or goodness.”—“I cannot bear to hear him condemned,” said I; “blame me, but do not reproach the marquis. He never made any professions to me, and if I would be such a fool as to put a wrong construction on his behaviour, I must take the consequence.”—“Very well,” said lady Worthy, shaking her head, “think as favourably of him as you please, but he is not the man I took him for.—Nor can I excuse the marchioness’s conduct in this affair; for could
“ she

“ she be so blind as not to observe his attachment to you? Where then is all that boasted friendship she proffers?”—“ You wrong her,” said I. “ I really cannot bear those unjust accusations; I dare say she had no suspicion of the matter; and you know the subject of his marriage, considering some of its circumstances, was not a topic she would choose to enter upon without an absolute necessity.” Lady Worthy seeing that her censures of them gave me pain, dropped the subject, and turned all her endeavours to console me, till seeing me a little more composed, she left me, to go to the marchioness,—in order to prepare that lady for our approaching departure.—

I MUST leave you, my dear Clara. The marquis is returned, and I must endeavour to collect fortitude enough to see him without any visible emotion.—Would I were fairly in England again! A fine hand I have made of my travels! Adieu, dear Clara,

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. BEVIL.

I HAVE had an affecting conversation with the marquis.—After dinner lady Worthy, who had before mentioned it to the marchioness, began talking of our departure.—The marquis turned pale, faltered in his speech when he endeavoured to ask the cause of this sudden resolution.—My lady, with great composure, gave very plausible reasons: he sighed, looked at me, and arose from his seat. I durst hardly lift up my eyes, and trembled lest I should betray myself. Lady Worthy guessed my confusion, and generously helped me to a pretence for quitting the room.

I WANDERED into the garden, hardly knowing what I did, or where I was going. Here I had not been long before I saw the marquis, walking slowly, melancholy painted on his countenance. I was going to retire, but he prevented me. "Stay, dearest Indiana," said he; "for pity's sake, hear me for a few minutes before you leave me." "What would you say to me?" cried I hastily.—"What perhaps I ought not," answered he, "miserable as I am in an unhappy engagement; but why should I be silent, since my actions have already told you what till now my tongue durst not: yet to what purpose, since I must despair?—But let me on my knees implore your pardon for my involuntary passion; I know I ought not to reveal it; I determined, I struggled for the contrary. But are you going?—Ah! madam, I shall never see you more."

TEARS

TEARS rushed into his eyes while he spoke, and his looks expressed unutterable anguish.—
 “What a subject is this?” said I, with affected coldness; “what ought I? what would your lady think of it?”—“My lady!” cried he, “my curse, my torment, the destroyer of my peace.—Ah! madam, pity me at least, and do not hate me for a fault I could not help committing. I know I ought to die rather than acknowledge my presumption, if it is presumption to adore you without hope, with an impossibility of a return. A fatal bar is fixed between us; but nothing, alas! can conquer my unhappy passion.—Ah! why did we ever meet? till then my heart at least was free, whatever other misfortunes I had to encounter. Why is my health restored? But it will not be long so; my physician, my charming physician will leave me. To you, madam, I owe my cure; but, alas! you have infected me with a far more terrible disease, a disease that baffles all the power of medicine.”

“I have listened too long to you,” said I, and condemn myself for it. I could not have believed that you had so little respect for me, as to entertain me with a discourse of this nature.”—“Little respect!” cried he eagerly; “by Heavens, I reverence as much as I adore you. Ah! madam, how you wound me with this cruel, this unjust reproach; but ’tis well; go on, and put an end to a miserable being that cannot survive your hate.”—“You wrong me, Sir,” said I, “if you think I can hate you; my whole behaviour must have but too visibly convinced you of the contrary. Had you been free”—I blushed; for the latter part of my speech

speech dropped from me inadvertently.—“ Proceed, dear madam,” cried he. “ What were you going to add? Do not think me capable of abusing your goodness.”—“ Then you take it for granted it was something in your favour,” said I. “ Pardon my presumption,” said he; “ but ’tis natural for the wretched to catch at the least shadow of hope.—But speak, lovely Indiana, if I was free, might I, in pity to my sufferings, flatter myself, that you would not then have rejected my suit?”—“ To what purpose should I reveal my sentiments,” said I, “ since you are not?”—“ To great, to most delightful ones,” interrupted he; “ such a hope, such a consolation, would support me under the misery I am doomed to: amidst all my misfortunes, I would exult in the thoughts, that my Indiana would, but for my evil destiny, have crowned my wishes. Say you would,” looking tenderly at me, “ in compassion to my sufferings, tell me you would have been mine.”—“ Why will you force me,” said I, “ to a blameable confession? I fear my weakness is but too visible. I acknowledge I esteem you, and grieve that you are not more happy:—we are neither of us so.”—“ Enough, my dearest Indiana,” said he, taking my hand, “ I will not pain you further.—I see the gentle sympathy of your heart, and thank you for this goodness; and here,” continued he, kneeling, “ I swear on this soft hand, never to know another love but this I feel for you. Your dear image shall be the constant companion in my disconsolate solitude, when its bright original is far, far distant from me.”

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HE arose, and put his handkerchief to his eyes; nor was mine unemployed. Then turning to me again, "These gardens, where I have so often been blessed with your dear company," said he, "that house that was honoured with such a guest, shall be my constant retreat.—Here will I wander, and indulge my sorrow for your loss. Every bower that you have rested in, every walk that was favoured with your approbation, shall be my haunts; there will I meditate on your charms, and recollect those delightful moments I have passed with you, and live over again in imagination those blissful scenes: not a human soul shall be admitted to disturb my solitude. I will no more indulge myself in the pleasures of friendship or society.—I renounce the world, since there is now nothing in it but yourself I think worthy of the least regard.—No, madam, I lose every thing in losing you. But tell me, will you sometimes think on the unfortunate Gramont? sometimes honour his memory with a sigh?"—"Ah! Sir," said I, weeping, "how you affect me! would it were in my power to restore your peace! Farewel, Sir; may my absence produce that happy change; I trust it will. I have yet two days to stay; endeavour in that time to reconcile yourself to my departure; let not the family have cause to suspect your partiality. Once more adieu!" added I, turning to leave him, "may we both know happier days!" So saying, I walked slowly and reluctantly from him, frequently turning my head, while he continued standing in the same posture. I left him, his eyes only moving to gaze at me till I was out of sight.

ADIEU!

ADIEU! dear Clara; I have hardly a moment's leisure for writing.—The marchioness, who kindly regrets our going, will hardly suffer me to be absent from her an instant.—I have not seen the dear marquis since I met him in the garden. He is not well, they tell me.—Ah! I fear not, indeed. To-morrow we begin our journey for Paris.—Who can express what I feel on the occasion?—Alas! Clara, am I not to be pitied?—But adieu!

I am ever your

INDIANA DANBY.



LETTER XL.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

WE have left the marchioness, and have made the first stage of our journey.—With what a heavy heart do I leave a place that was so fatally dear to me! I did not see the marquis; he durst not, I believe, trust himself to take leave of me. Illness was his apology: pray Heaven, it was no more. The dear marchioness too!—It is my fate to be ever obliged to separate from the friends I esteem.—I am not well, my dear Clara. How can it be otherwise? My spirits are exhausted with continual care and disappointments;—a fixed melancholy has taken possession of me.—Lady Worthy, kindly solicitous for my happiness, was, you may believe, the proposer of our return to Paris, where she

hopes

ADIEU!

hopes the gaiety of the place will have an influence on my spirits. I fear not;—nay, am rather averse to the experiment, but she was too pressing to be refused. However, I believe she does not propose a long stay there, as she knows I am impatient to return to England, and as her health is greatly restored, she does not wish to remain here on her own account; but she says, she is unwilling to carry back her charge, without my having reaped any benefit from her prescription; for she was a strenuous advocate with Mrs. Beverly to let me undertake the journey that lady was never fond of; and now earnestly intreats me to return, assuring me, her new daughter does but ill supply my loss.—I am sincerely grieved at some hints she gives me about that lady. I fear, indeed, Mr. Beverly has not made so discreet a choice as one could wish. He should not, I think, much regret the loss of her beauty, if her too great turn for coquetry had accompanied it; but it is no easy matter for a lady to forget what she has been. I hope things will not be carried so far as she seems to apprehend. I never, even while I continued to have a tenderness for Mr. Beverly, wished to be revenged for the treatment I met with; and now I no longer feel the least remains of that passion, I more than ever wish him happy with the lady he thought fit to prefer before me.—'Tis certain, he is possessed of many engaging qualities, that might render any woman happy, could he conquer his natural inconstancy.

I REJOICE every time I read your letters, my dear Clara, at your accounts of Mr. Beville.—Happy pair! what can equal the felicity of such an union?—For me, after all, I believe I was born to be a nun. It was not for nothing I have
a relish

a relish for that way of life, so I think I'll e'en follow Fanny's example.—Mr. Beverly and the marquis have cured me of love; at least the latter has made it impossible for me to be guilty of that folly with any other. You, perhaps, think that a heart that could love twice might love a third time; but I am convinced I cannot.—He is married; I can have no hopes; all that is left for me to do, is the painful task of extinguishing a flame that it would now be criminal to indulge, and that, I fear, will be employment enough for my whole life to come.

THE chaise waits for me. Adieu, my friend; I will write once more to you from Paris, and then I hope to have it in my power to assure you in person of the unchangeable affection of your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

IN vain do I try, my dear Clara, by amusements, to recover my tranquility.—My heart is insensible to every pleasure; life is now insipid to me. Alas! I cannot forget the too lovely marquis: I dare not own this weakness to lady Worthy, who, though an excellent woman, is a little severe in her notions, and would not, like you, I fear, be partially indulgent to my foibles and imperfections. She has never, I believe, experienced the force of love, and consequently cannot be sensible how hard a task it is to govern one's affections.—I strive to forget him, but in vain.—I am constantly telling myself I will think no more of him: but, alas! while I am making this laudable resolution, is he not even then the subject of my thoughts? Prepare, my dear Clara, against my return, to assist in conquering my weakness.

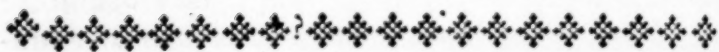
WE meet with the greatest civilities from the people of this country; I admire their politeness, and, were my heart at ease, could be content to make a longer residence amongst them. I think, upon the whole, though perhaps less sincere, they are in general more agreeable than the English. If they flatter us while they make professions of friendship, it shews, however, that they think it worth their while to endeavour to please, and that is at least a compliment. The gentlemen are extremely gallant in their behaviour, and treat the other sex with a deference and respect, that is, I think, very pleasing. In this they have the preference to ours, which is greatly

greatly owing to their education, that is not in their opinion complete, till the conversation of the fair has given a polish to it; and this is of great advantage to them both; for by that means the French ladies are more learned, sensible companions, than women of other nations. They teach the men refinement and gentleness of manners; while the gentlemen, in return, communicate their knowledge: and this unreserved intercourse between the sexes, though it may be abused into licentiousness, has otherways an agreeable effect; for the ladies thereby gain an easy graceful confidence, and a freedom in communicating their thoughts, that is very desirable: for how often have I known women of admirable sense unable to display it in company, from a *mauvaise honte*, which I have likewise heard miscalled modesty; but I will not allow it to be a virtue, since it deprives society of its greatest charms—an unreserved freedom in speaking one's sentiments.

It is to this diffidence we may ascribe our conversing on such general topics.—Here every one gives their opinion without restraint. Love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, are frequently discussed with great wit and spirit. You seldom find the company here reduced to talk of the weather, or other common-place subjects.—The men of letters do not think it beneath them to display their learning before the fair; and the author is proud to have their approbation of his performance.—In short, women have here, and here only, a just value set on them.—Amongst men of so gallant a turn, you may believe I am not without my share of pretended admiration.—If my heart was at ease, I could, I think, amuse myself with the characters of my French

French lovers; one or two of them are highly finished originals.—When I have a little recovered my chearfulness, I'll entertain you with a description of them.—We go this evening to the opera, in company of the countess de Courtanville, a celebrated beauty, and mademoiselle d'Aubigny her sister; a crowd of beaux too will attend us: but what is all this to me, who am lost to pleasure?—Company obliges me to leave you.—Adieu, my dear.

INDIANA DANBY.



L E T T E R XLII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WH O do you think is come to Paris, my dear? Mr. Beverly; I saw him last night at the opera.—You may believe I was surprised, but my indifference for him secured me from any painful emotions; he seemed more affected, and paid his compliments with confusion; he looked extremely handsome. It is the first time I have spoke to him since his marriage, you know. I ask'd for his lady; he sigh'd, told me briefly she was well, and changed the subject.—I did not like his behaviour; he seems to forget that he is no longer at liberty to treat me with his former tenderness.—I am just informed he is come to pay me a visit—I must see him though it is disagreeable to me. I'll finish my letter when he is gone.

Mrs.

VOL. I.

Miss DANBY in continuation.

As lady Worthy was a little indisposed, I was obliged to receive his visit alone.—On his knee he intreated my pardon for his inconstancy. “I was infatuated,” said he ;—“but heaven knows how severely I am punished for my crime!”—“O no apologies, Sir,” cried I coolly ;—“you have long ago been forgiven ; I am not in the least offended with you.”—“No !” said he, sighing, “I fear not ;—I am even unworthy of your resentment ; you set little value on my heart, since I find you can lose it with such indifference.”—“To be plain with you,” answered I,—“I do not set much ; for when I ceased to esteem, my love was soon vanquished.—But let us change the subject, this is ungrateful to me.”—“O my cursed fate,” cried he passionately, “now my misery is complete.—You hate me then ?”—“Hate you ?” said I ; “that is a harsh word. I do not know that I hate any body ; I should be very sorry to find my nature capable of it.—Indeed if you were not the son of my dear Mrs. Beverly, I might perhaps have less esteem for you than others—but since that is the case, I must have some little value for one that is so nearly related to her.”—He arose, and walked about the room in great agitation : at last coming to me, and seizing my hand, “Indiana,” said he, “you will make me mad, do not drive me to extremity.—I cannot, will not bear this scornful indifference.”—“You threaten me,” said I, with a smile of contempt ;—“leave me, Sir, till you recollect yourself ; let me not again be honoured with your company, till you have learned

" learned to behave more consistent with the cha-
 " racter of lady Caroline's husband."—He bit
 his lips.—" 'Tis well, madam," said he passion-
 ately,—“ go on. I have deserved this punish-
 " ment—fool that I was to forfeit such a trea-
 " sure. But," added he, softening his voice in-
 to tenderness, " has my lovely Indiana quite
 " erased from her memory those blissful, happy
 " days, when Beverly was dear to her? those
 " days, when with such sweet complacency she
 " listened to my passion, when her modestly
 " bashful eyes could not conceal the soft, the
 " ——" " Hush, Sir," said I, frowning; " you
 " forget who you are talking to. Is this a fit
 " discourse for me to hear?—What do you
 " mean? Had I guessed how you would have en-
 " tertained me, believe me I would not have ad-
 " mitted your visit. I thought the son of my
 " friend would have known better what became
 " both himself and me, than to treat me in this
 " manner. Do not accuse me of rudeness, Sir
 " if I leave you. Had your behaviour been
 " more proper for the occasion, I should with
 " some pleasure have entertained you as an ac-
 " quaintance I once esteemed; but I find it
 " high time for me to bid you adieu." So say-
 ing, I curtsy'd, and was going. He had gaze
 on me with fixed attention all the time I was
 speaking; but now he sprung forward, and seiz-
 ed hold of my gown, with wildness in his look.
 " You shall not go," said he, " by heaven, you
 " shall not leave me yet.—I am desperate, and
 " care not what I do. I love you to distraction
 " Nay, and will continue to love you in spite of
 " fate."—I was terrified.—" What do you
 " mean, Sir?" said I.—" O do not ask," said
 he;—" I am mad, and can give no reason for
 " action

"actions. All I know is, that I adore you——"
"Yes, Indiana," continued he, catching me in his arms—"I adore you."——I screamed, and struggled to disengage myself from him——
"Alarm the family," cried he, still holding me ;
"call the whole earth to your assistance, they shall cut me to pieces before I will relinquish you. No, we will never part again. I tell you, Indiana, I came to Paris in search of you, came to die in your presence, since I cannot live without you. Had you shewn the least symptom of remaining affection, I would have died in peace, but you hate—you despise me."
—Some cursed rival has gained a heart that I would suffer every torment men and devils could inflict to be once more master of.—Talk not to me of being married.—I am not, will not ; you are the idol of my heart, and shall be so while I have life." I was ready to faint, and trembling besought him to let me go ; but far from listening to me, he continued to rave till I thought him mad in reality. At last his spirits, quite exhausted with the violence of his emotions, forced him to be silent.—He turned pale, his arms quitted their hold, and he fell almost senseless on the floor, his eyes still fixed on me, but their fierceness converted into languor.
—What a situation was I in ! I durst not call for assistance. What would the servants think of seeing him in that condition ? I kneeled down by him, and did every thing I could think of for his recovery. In a few minutes he came to himself again, made an effort to speak, but could not.—He took my hand, looking tenderly at me in silence ; at last raising himself on his elbow, "My Indiana," said he, in a faint voice, "I am dying ;—do you pity me ? say you forgive me"
"before

“ before I leave you for ever, and pardon the
 “ wildness of my behaviour.”—He paused, I
 “ was affected, and wiped my eyes. “ You
 “ weep,” said he, putting my hand to his lips;
 “ you do pity me, I see you do. Oh my love!
 “ how shall I thank you for this goodness?”—
 “ Rise, Sir,” said I,—“ I cannot bear to see you
 “ thus? Why will you give way to a passion I
 “ must no longer encourage? For heaven’s sake,
 “ strive against this weakness.”—“ No,” said he,
 “ that I never will; I glory in it, and tell you I
 “ must—I will love you.— I care not what is the
 “ consequence; nor will I leave this house till
 “ you assure me you do not hate me.”——“ Be
 “ satisfied then,” said I, “ I do not.” He arose,
 and looking stedfastly at me, “ May I believe
 “ you?” cried he; “ do not trifle with me;
 “ swear that you forgive me, and promise that
 “ you will not refuse to see me again.”——“ I
 “ do,” said I, “ and give you leave to renew
 “ your visit when you can see me as a friend only,
 “ without these extravagant emotions. Consi-
 “ der, Sir, how improper they are, how incon-
 “ sistent with”——“ Hush,” cried he, “ or I shall
 “ be mad again: not a word of my cursed mar-
 “ riage, it shall not bind me; I am, I will be
 “ free.”——“ I see it is in vain to argue with you,”
 said I.—“ It is indeed,” answered he, “ my pas-
 “ sion scorns the restraint of reason. I love, des-
 “ pair, am desperate, and cannot answer for my
 “ actions. Look here, my Indiana,” added he,
 opening his waistcoat, and shewing my picture,
 “ see how my heart is guarded from every other
 “ object. This lovely image revived the flame
 “ that lay dormant; it surely possesses some un-
 “ common virtue, for from the moment I appli-
 “ ed it to my breast, the dear original has never

“ one

“ one instant been absent from my thoughts.
“ How have I gazed at, kissed, and talked to this
“ enchanting image of my love ! Nor could I be
“ satisfied till once more blessed with a sight of
“ the dear original ; yet to what purpose ! Oh
“ that I could untie that fatal knot that binds me
“ to my ruin ! Cursed priestcraft !—but for a
“ foolish ceremony, I might be the happiest of
“ mortals.—If my Indiana knew or felt the force
“ of love, she would, in spite of all obstacles,
“ fly with me, though it were to a wilderness.
“ Such a passion as mine would, with the woman
“ I adore, make any place a paradise.” “ Your
“ brain is turned,” said I, interrupting him ;
“ how can you talk at this mad rate ? ” “ I know
“ it is,” said he ; “ but who is the cause ? who
“ is it that forces me to act these extravagances ?
“ Is it not my angel ! my ——— ” “ Hush,
“ for heaven’s sake,” cried I, “ or I am gone.”
—“ Oh ! not yet, not yet,” said he, running
towards the door, which to my inexpressible joy
was that instant opened by lady Worthy, who
finding herself better, and justly imagining I
should be tired of our tete a tete, came very seasonably to my relief.

MR. BEVERLY started when he saw her, and paid his respects with visible confusion ; when after a few minutes general conversation, he took his leave. As soon as he was gone, I informed lady Worthy of what had passed, and that I thought it would be necessary to quit Paris as soon and as secret as possible ; for I was terrified lest his passion should hurry him into some extravagance that might expose us both.—Lady Worthy was entirely of my opinion, nothing could equal her amazement at the account I gave of his behaviour. She was shocked, and congratulated

lated me on my escape from a marriage with a man of so bad a turn.—Thank heaven, my dear Clara, that I have; for I am convinced I should have been miserable; since how could I hope to have secured his affections more than lady Caroline?—

ORDERS are given to prepare for our journey; I rejoice at the prospect of seeing my friend so much sooner than I expected.—Adieu, my dear, wish us a good voyage,—and then farewell, France, and a long farewell—I fear for ever—to the charming marquis! What would I give to know if he is better?—if he is happier than when I saw him last? But wishes are vain, or I should have many more to make.—Amongst the rest would be a very sincere one for your perfect felicity, since I am with more affection than I can express, my dear Clara's

INDIANA DANBY.

I. F. T.

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L E T T E R XLIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WE embark to-morrow morning, but I write a few lines to my Clara (though perhaps I shall be with her as soon as the letter) to tell her I am well, and that we concerted our measures with such secrecy and circumspection, that Mr. Beverly does not, I dare say, yet know that we have left Paris. I did not till yesterday imagine how very necessary it was to be thus cautious; but then my maid informed me of his having endeavoured to bribe her to assist him in a project he had wisely formed of playing the knight errant, and carrying me off. Jenny, who is a sensible, faithful girl, affected to come into his measures, bidding him trust to her management;—and this she did with design of preventing his employing others if she had seemed to object to it.—They had, it seems, fixed upon the day, which she took care should be at such a distance as would allow me time to be pretty far on my journey.—She would not, she said, inform me of this plot while at Paris, for fear of alarming me; but now I was out of his power she imagined she might safely do it, hoping it would not give me much uneasiness.—How was I surprised and shocked at this intelligence! what an escape have I had from a man so desperate, from a man who is so little master of his passions!

I INQUIRED into the particulars of their scheme. Jenny informed me that she had promised to give proper instructions to our coachman, who, to render what she said the more feasible, she pretended was her lover, and consequently would,

with the assistance of a good bribe, be easily wrought to their purpose, and then it would be no difficulty, when I took an airing, as was frequently my custom, attended only by one servant on horseback, who would be easily managed, to have me carried to what place he thought proper, where he might meet me.—Mr. Beverly was, it seems, highly delighted with her invention, and offered a considerable sum, as well as large promises;—but she refused the money, telling him it would be time enough for a reward when she had performed the service.—It was with great difficulty that she could prevail on him to delay his project;—he was excessively importunate it seems—but the faithful girl invented pretences for deferring it with so much art, that he submitted to her management, as he believed he had firmly secured her in his interest.—She told him that the better to effect his design, it would be necessary for him to leave Paris a few days, and in consequence of that to pay me another visit, by way of taking leave of me, as she knew I was under some apprehension on his account, and would therefore be cautious how I ventured out without lady Worrhy, or some of my friends, which would disconcert their plan; but if I thought him out of the way, I should be less on my guard.—He saw the reasonableness of her advice, and came accordingly to pay his respects to lady Worthy and me; telling us with affected ease he was going to leave Paris for a fortnight or three weeks, and should set off next morning;—his visit was short, and but for his eyes I should have thought he meant to change his conduct towards me, but they were a little ungovernable.

WHAT

WHAT a man is this ! my dear Clara, and what a wicked plot had he formed against me ! Thank heaven and my faithful servant, he is disappointed, and I have happily escaped the snare.—Sure he must be parted from his lady !—How much I pity her ! coquette as she is, she could not merit so severe a fate. My dear Mrs. Beverly too is, no doubt, grieved at his imprudent conduct.—How dreadfully has matrimony altered him ! for sure when I first knew him, he was, though gay, a man of strict honour and good morals, as the world goes.—The amiable colonel Manly !—what is become of him I wonder !—he is a prince to this roving Beverly.—I long to see and assure him of my unchanged esteem ; but I shall see all my friends soon—my dear Mrs. Beverly, Clara, Fanny, and the rest of my beloveds. Till that happy time adieu, and believe me yours, &c.

INDIANA DANBY.

I S

L E T-

L E T T E R XLIV.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

London.

I WILL be with you, my dear Fanny, in a week at farthest: your sister's not being able to accompany me shall not prevent my journey; for I am impatient, after so long an absence, to embrace again my beloved friend.—Who knows, my dear, but I may be tempted to make my abode with you for life;—Clara tells me she is half afraid to trust me on this visit, in the disposition I am in at present. She has, however, secured me some time longer, as I have promised to be a sponsor at the christening of her son and heir, that is soon expected to make his appearance.—How I rejoice at the harmony that reigns in this happy family!—Your mamma seems to have renewed her age; nor can I wonder, since there never was a son-in-law more affectionate than he is to her, nor more tender and complaisant than he is to his fair lady.—Poor Mrs. Beverly is not so fortunate in her son's marriage.—There has actually been a formal separation between him and lady Caroline, who consoles herself with the fashionable amusements of the town, which the genteel allowance he makes her enables her to enjoy in all its splendor.—A poor equivalent I should think it for the loss of his love!—She is no longer a beauty, but a graceful person, and a good deal of sprightly wit still secures her a sufficient share of admiration.—People blame her as much as Mr. Beverly for their parting.—I will not pretend to judge, but there

are

are generally faults on both sides on these occasions.—I am, for my part, more concerned for his mother than either of them. Her affliction is the more severe, as she doated on her son.—You may believe I have not mentioned a word to her of his behaviour to me at Paris; I should be sorry to add to her grief, already too great.—This lady will accompany me in my journey to D——; she has long intended paying a visit to your aunt, but for my share I propose accepting the polite invitation your ladies make me, and will live with you while I stay in the country.—I long to make trial of those serene pleasures you so feelingly describe. If I like them—but time will determine my future choice.

I HAVE not seen colonel Manly since my return to England; he is in the country. It seems your sister pretends to foretel events, and will needs prophesy that he will be the man at last.—I give her leave to say what she pleases, but I am pretty certain of the contrary; for have I not reason to believe absence, and pride for his formerly slighted offers, has by this time cured his passion? I too, I hope, have done with love for ever, with all its pleasing pain; and welcome calm indifference—for how blessed the maid, whose bosom no headstrong passion knows!

WHAT had I else to say to you?—a thousand things: but I will reserve them till I have the pleasure of seeing you; till when I take my leave, with assuring my dear Fanny, that I am her affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLV.

TO MISS FANNY FREEMORE.

HOW are you, my sweet friend? Well, I hope, and as happy, as when I had the pleasure of being with you; peaceful and contented with your calm retreat.—But for my affection to your sister, I could wish to return to you again, only she could make a town life supportable to me, whose mind has now too great a turn for melancholy to relish its tumultuous joys.—There is nothing but joy and festivity in this happy family on the birth of my pretty godson, and the recovery of his fair mother. Mr. Bevill is in raptures on the occasion, and doats on the little stranger, and is, if possible, fonder than ever of his lady.—To do her justice, Clara makes an unexceptionable wife. I could hardly have believed it possible for one of her gay disposition to acquire such a domestic turn; yet when I reflect on the goodness of her heart, and her excellent understanding, my wonder ceases.—

I HAVE hardly a moment's leisure to think of my misfortunes; the house is continually crowded with congratulatory visitors; but in spite of this I cannot get the better of my melancholy.—In the midst of cheerfulness and mirth, my heart is weighed down with sadness. I sigh with the recollection of the marquis; if I hear a good thing said in company, just such, I whisper to myself, would have been his sensible remark, such the justness of his sentiments.—Oh Fanny! pity and excuse my weakness; I find I cannot,—I never can forget him.—

MR.

MR. BEVERLY is still abroad ; he has wrote once or twice to his mother, but not a word about me, not so much as a single inquiry after my health.—I hear he leads a very gay, or rather (for that is too soft a word) a very libertine life at Paris. He has, they say, taken into keeping a celebrated opera dancer, who makes him pay liberally for her favours.—This account your sister received from a gentleman, who is lately arrived from that part of the world.—Poor lady Caroline ! she surely merited a better husband, notwithstanding her little foibles : tho' perhaps had he married a woman of a more solid turn, her good conduct might have prevented his so freely giving the reins to his passions.—Do not suspect I have vanity enough to drop this hint in favour of myself :—no, my dear, if I could not secure his constancy while a lover, I had little reason to expect it when he commenced husband.

MRS. BEVERLY longs to return to the Grove ; and but for your sister's entreaties I should before now have accompanied her there ; but my dear friend will not hear of my leaving her till she is able to go abroad again.—What ! shall she have no comfort but caudle to support her spirits in her confinement ?—If I will but stay till she is well enough, she will, she says, go with me, and leave the little squaller for Bevill to nurse, as he seems so fond of the employment, and goes so handily about it ; yet far is this from diminishing his dignity in my opinion, nor her's neither I dare say, to see him fondling the sweet infant ; he never looks more amiable than when he has it in his arms.—Clara's eyes are fixed on him with more than usual tenderness on these occasions, though she pretends to rally him on what she would persuade us she thinks a weakness ; but we

we all know her too well to believe she speaks her sentiments, when she gives a loose to her sprightly vivacity. She asked him this morning to get her Rousseau's System of Education, for she was resolved to follow his precepts. This produced a lively conversation, wherein the sentiments of that uncommon author were examined and discussed. This is a pleasing subject, my dear Fanny.—I hardly know how to have done, when my friend is the theme. Matrimony, that has undergone so much unjust ridicule, would be, in my opinion, the most desirable state in life, were they all to live and love like this happy pair.—Indeed I believe it a true assertion, that there is no medium, but that it is either extremely happy, or extremely miserable.—Talking of matrimony puts me in mind of colonel Manly; he is in town, and has again renewed his addresses to me; but alas! my dear, I have no heart to dispose of;—he has my friendship, my esteem, and that is all in my power to give, yet he will persevere in his suit. My friends interest themselves warmly in his favour.—I acknowledge his merit, but cannot love; yet your sister will have it, as she told me long ago, that it must be a match at last.—I cannot think it, since I am determined never to give my hand, but where my whole undivided affections are engaged.—

MRS. BEVERLY is very earnest with me to consent to what, she says, she is sure will be for my happiness;—talks of his good morals, his fine person, his understanding, his birth, estate, in short, every inducement she can think of, but in vain; my heart is insensible to all she, or even he with far more eloquence, can say to me on the subject:—yet he will not take a denial,
only

only begs permission to see, and continue to love me ; and he will have patience till he knows if time and his tender unremitted assiduity will produce no change in his favour. I have not denied his request, and almost wish him success. He is to accompany us to the Grove, as is likewise lady Worthy and Mr. Hawies, an agreeable young clergyman, a relation of Mrs. Beverly's. The time is not fixed for our journey, nor ever will, if my Clara can help it.

I HAVE a thousand compliments to my dear Fanny from her numerous acquaintance, who often talk of you, and have never yet recovered their amazement at the unaccountable choice (as they call it) you have made.—The pretty Miss Jessy is married, and against the consent of her friends, as the youth she has chosen is much beneath her in birth and fortune. You know she was once fond of Beverly, and thought she stood a fair chance for his heart.—But no more chit chat ; this letter is of a convenient length, so I will not add to it, but by assuring you of the constant friendship and esteem of

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

From the Grove.

AND thou, Brutus, will you too join the colonel's forces, after giving me your promise you would for the future stand neuter? He begins to plume himself on such powerful advocates;—but it can't be, my dear,—indeed it can't; 'tis impossible to be teased into love; yet you excel in the art of persuasion, and I feel myself incapable of answering your convincing arguments, except by repeating what I have said a thousand times, that love is involuntary.—We spend our time agreeably enough;—the colonel's whole study is to oblige.—Adieu for the present, dinner waits.—

Miss DANBY in continuation.

WE are just returned from church; the colonel's reverent behaviour there has raised him in my opinion: 'tis noble in him to shew a manly, rational piety, now religion, especially with gentlemen of the army, is so much out of fashion.—Mr. Hawies made the same remark. These gentlemen are much pleased with one another: indeed it is impossible to be acquainted with the colonel and not esteem him.—We have been rallying him on a conquest we tell him he has made at church.—Indeed, our old acquaintance Miss Boothby cast some very significant glances at him—He humoured our pleasantry; assuring us, he believed the flame would soon be reciprocal,
for

for her bright eyes had shot some keen darts. "And let me tell you," said Mrs. Beverly, "they are tipt with gold; for she has a very large fortune, and is entirely at her own disposal too, so that you have great reason to be proud of the distinction she paid you, since that and her beauty has procured her a numerous train of admirers."—"Then it must positively be a match," cried I; "what say you, colonel?"—"O madam," answered he, "you know I am too much your slave to make any objections to your will and pleasure."—"Well then," said I, "the affair will soon be settled; the doctor here shall do us the favour to tie the indissoluble knot."—"With all my heart," said Mr. Hawies, "provided I may choose the parties; I promise you the colonel shall be one, but as to the lady"—"Aye, as to the lady," cried the colonel, "that is the point."—"Oh," said I, "this expresses the diffidence of a lover; I have no doubt of her consent." "No!" cried he, seizing my hand, "then I am happy, for you certainly best know her mind; so my dear doctor here is the fair bride, you are witness to her kind"—"Softly," cried I, interrupting him, "this wilful mistake will do you no real service. What is the lady's name, Mrs. Beverly?"—"The lovely, the adoreable Indiana," said he with rapture.—"Pho!" said I, "you know who I mean." "I do," answered he, "if you mean the sovereign of my affections."—"Yes, Sir," said I, "her that is to be, Miss Boothby;—upon my word she is a fine young creature; such amiable features, such a lovely bloom, such a fortune, such sparkling eyes"—"Go on," cried the colonel, "what else?"—"Need I add more?" said I.—"O no,

“ O no, ’tis needless,” answered he; “ I assure
 “ you, I am already as much charmed with her
 “ as I ever shall be.”—I am interrupted again,
 my dear Clara, so I will close my letter, short as
 it is, lest I should be too late for the post.—Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.



LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

READ, my dear; who could have thought
 we had such foundation for our raillery?

To Miss INDIANA DANBY.

THE knowledge I have of your amiable disposition, emboldens me with the less scruple to write to you on a very extraordinary occasion; an occasion that my delicacy condemns, but my heart urges me on; this I durst not venture to own, but that I have great dependance on your discretion and goodness, which persuades me you will, in consideration of the modesty of our sex, conceal a secret that I blush to acknowledge.—I pause, and hardly know how to proceed in revealing a weakness, for which I can plead no excuse but the merit of the object.—

I HAVE seen too often, I fear, for my repose, the amiable colonel Manly.—Guess my meaning, dear madam,—and spare my confusion.—Is he—give me a proof of the noble frankness you are
 said

said to excel in—I need not ask if he is your lover—but is he a favoured one? Indulge me so far as to let me know on what footing he is with you.—that I may either indulge or timely stifle—I cannot proceed;—pardon the incoherence of my stile; I hardly know what I write.—Make favourable allowance for me on a subject, that would too much humble me to enlarge upon.—Honour me with an answer, and excuse this liberty from her who is, with the highest esteem,

Your obedient humble servant,

ARABELLA BOOTHBY.

SHE may depend on every thing in my power to serve her in this affair; pray heaven the colonel may be propitious to her wishes!—I sent her the following answer.

To Miss BOOTHBY.

MADAM, I am extremely obliged to you for the confidence you honour me with, which you may assure yourself I will not make an ungenerous use of.—I offer my friendship, if you think it worthy of your acceptance; believe me I admire your amiable delicacy, nor can I think you have less for owning you are not insensible to the merit of an object, so worthy of every one's esteem. But for a prior attachment, I should have kept what you are pleased to call a weakness in countenance;—only that could have secured my heart from being touched with his many perfections.—You have nothing to fear on my account; yet I must acknowledge he loves me, but I never have, nor can encourage, his addresses;

ses;—so that there is room to believe a lady so amiable in her person, so affluent in fortune, if once known that she honoured him with her regard, could hardly fail to make a change in his sentiments, considering the little prospect, or rather impossibility, of his succeeding in his present suit.

I WILL not presume to advise you how to act in an affair of so delicate a nature.—Men are naturally capricious, and pleased to give themselves some consequence in their opinions by conquering difficulties, which makes them too apt to set less value on the greatest blessings, when too easily obtained; yet the colonel is generous, and has a mind superior to the foibles of his sex.—I doubt not but your good sense will direct you to the most proper methods of proceeding.—You have my sincere wishes for your success in that, and every thing that can conduce to your happiness; for I am, with great sincerity,

Your most obedient servant,

INDIANA DANBY.

I HAVE dispatched my letter: and now adieu, my dear Clara; the company are assembled, and expect me to join them.

Miss DANBY in continuation.

THE colonel was called out this morning; a servant informed him, that a person waited for him in the hall, who refused to deliver his message to any body but himself.—“Who can it be?” cried he with some surprise.—You may believe I could give a shrewd guess;—I wish the fair

fair one may not be too precipitate.—He returned to us with a little glow on his face, was absent and thoughtful; and soon after left us, and retired to his apartment.—I would give a good deal to know his proceedings, but I dare not hint my curiosity, so must have patience and wait the event; but I need not exercise yours by delaying to dispatch this epistle, knowing how kindly solicitous you are to hear from me; I ought to rejoice, though my letters are less entertaining. I have no longer a variety of incidents to amuse you with, since mine, alas! have ever been of the unfortunate kind. I hope I shall now glide through life in calm obscurity, and am content to be a little insignificant, if I can only regain, and preserve, for the future, my peace of mind. Let me never lose your friendship, for that is a constant source of happiness to your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

THE colonel has acted nobly. Miss Boothby, from whom I had the particulars of his behaviour, gives him the highest commendations, though he has, but in a most delicate manner, acknowledged to her, that he never can think of any other woman, while there is the least hope left of gaining me. She congratulates, yet owns she envies me the heart of a lover of such uncommon merit,—wonders he should be unsuccessful, and very generously pleads in his favour; frankly declaring, that she should esteem herself the happiest of women, were she in my place.—She tells me, that in their interview, he expressed himself with much respect, not in the least presuming on the encouragement she had given him; assuring her, on the contrary, if his heart had been disengaged, the knowledge of the partiality she honoured him with, would but the more have endeared her to him; for he never would, he said, marry any woman who he was not assured had a passion for him equal to his own; a passion which he would wish her to avow, without that false delicacy which is so often practised, through a needless reserve, to a man of honour and generosity, who would never abuse the amiable confidence.—In short, he gave so artful a gloss to the step she had taken, that he has, she says, restored her to her own good opinion, which she had almost forfeited, by her too unprecedented conduct in this affair. She would ever, she added, have the highest regard for him; and her greatest wish

(now

(now all hopes on her own account were out of the question) was, that he might conquer my indifference, and be happy in an union that his heart was so set upon.

SHE then proceeded to use many generous arguments to persuade me to reward, as she is pleased to call it, a passion so constant, so sincere, as that he feels for me; she expressed a grateful sense of the obligation she pretends to have to me.—Yet what have I done?—nothing, in my opinion.—She is sorry, she says, that, as she is circumstanced, she must deny herself the pleasure of a further intimacy. Amiable Miss Boothby!—Mine is the loss; for I am sure she is worthy of my esteem. I am sorry to have been a bar to her happiness, and to the colonel's too, I may add; for would he not have been greatly so with a woman of her fortune and accomplishments?—I have heard a noble character of her;—her riches are not bestowed in vain,—she is said to make a most generous use of them.—The colonel, though he justly might, makes no merit of his refusing so advantageous a match for my sake, but is still the respectful, the unassuming lover he has ever been; though he knows from the lady that I am acquainted with the affair, which, but for her, would ever have remained an inviolable secret, that his just sense of honour would not have permitted him to divulge.

I WAS the first, as Miss Boothby gave me permission to mention it to him, and was charmed with the generosity of his sentiments, and the tender delicacy with which he talked of the lady.—What raised him still higher in my opinion was, that though we had a long conversation on the subject, he purposely avoided making use of
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an occasion, so favourable, as some would have thought it, to mention his love, nobly disdaining, as I before said, to make a merit of the sacrifice he had made me.

THIS piece of self-denial had a better effect than the most specious professions would have had; and I was at that time half persuaded that my indifference began to subside.—But I have since examined my heart, and find it was admiration, not love, that I then felt for him; for alas! I am still, though absolutely against my own will, insensible to warmer sentiments; and while that is the case, I cannot, ought not to think of being his; for marriage is a state that should not be entered upon but with every advantage, every requisite, as our news-papers express it, that is likely to render it happy.—It is a thing that once done cannot be remedied; therefore ought not to be entered upon without the most mature deliberation, and after all our caution is, alas! but too seldom what one could wish.

You will not be offended at this freedom, since you are a charming exception to the too general rule, and experience true felicity. Could I hope to be equal'y fortunate with the colonel?—But that is, I fear, impossible, since my affections are not, as yours were, disengaged from every other object but the man you made choice of.—I really think the wisest thing I can do, is to continue single. Why should I wish for a change?—why forfeit a freedom that is so desirable, so exempt from the cares that necessarily attend the other state?—Yet I know one ought not to be so selfish as to avoid marriage only from such narrow motives as one's own ease, since we are all born for the good of society, and should,

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as much as possible, keep that in view in all our actions; but then, my dear, we naturally seek happiness, and are not always called to such an heroic stretch of virtue, as entirely to give up that pursuit for the sake of the public, except upon some extraordinary occasion.—But then if I indulge myself in my favourite plan of life, how shall I endure the so much dreaded and ridiculed appellation of old maid?—Yet will this affect me, when I shall most likely be able to say, that “mar: delights not me, nor woman neither;”—when my passions will be calm, the high day of life over, and I become indifferent to every thing, but the joys of friendship?

FANNY's happy retreat often runs in my head; that retreat, that you take such well-meant pains to dissuade me from, and Mrs. Beverly so strenuously opposes; but for that, I believe, it would be my choice.—I am in a kind of unsettled way, can fix upon nothing.—I think I shall be more at ease when the colonel and our other guests have left us.—I long to be more a mistress of my time, to have more leisure for thought.—The truth is, I am not happy; and in that case, one is apt to imagine any change would give one ease.—I have lost my relish for society, for mirth, in short, for almost every thing I once took delight in. My days appear tedious, and my nights restless.—What shall I do?—Come to me, my dear Clara, and with your valuable company dispel this lassitude that has taken possession of me. Write at least more frequently. You cannot think how your letters revive me: and pray in your next let me know how lady Worthy is. I am a little uneasy at not having received a letter from her since she left us.—I fear she is ill again. Be so good as to present
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my respects to her, and those of my acquaintance for whom I have any particular value, amongst which you may justly include those of your family; for I am theirs, and my dear Clara's, affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S. Not a word of Beverly have I heard for this month past. I wonder what is become of him, and if he is still going on at his usual mad rate.



LETTER XLIX.

TO MISS INDIANA DANBY.

NEW S! news! good folks, rare news! and you shall know it.—But not a word more for your life of convents, old maids, and such dreary stuff.—No, no, we have other prospects now; we won't take things as we have done.—On with your best looks, my dear;—nay, no skipping; read even on and forward, you will come to it at last. Patience, child; what the deuce, would you have me spoil the œconomy of my epistle, and introduce my intelligence over head and shoulders, without form or method? No, thank you for that; it is worth waiting for, or I am much mistaken.—I shall make you amends at last, when I come to talk plainly about—about what do you think now?—Nay, pray guess.—Pho! the marquis! how came he in your head?—he is married, you know, and I am too much of a wife to think of encouraging you to talk of a married man.—Do as you would be

done

done by, I think I hear his spouse say; so, my dear, it cannot be him, you find.—Well, but who is it then?—Softly, all in good time; you levyers are so quick upon one, so easily flung into palpitations, forsooth, and all that—that really a reasonable woman hardly knows how to deal with you.—Suppose now, for I will e'en put you out of pain,—suppose, I say, that lady Caroline were dead, and your once dear Beverly returned to England, grave, reformed in his morals, handsome as an angel, in short, every thing that heart could wish.—What! pouting and disappointed!—Very pretty, truly!—What would the girl have?—Nothing but the fine marquis, I'll warrant you.—Don't I tell you he is married; so there is an end of him, as to any good purpose; as it is, alas! to all us poor fettered souls.—You may rave, if you please, I will do what I like for all that.—I must have my own way; it is what I have been accustomed to, you know, so there is no help for it.—But come, to satisfy you, I will try to be a little more particular, now I have screwed up your curiosity to the highest pitch; I love circumlocution;—a cramp word this.—But now to the purpose.—I went last night to pay a visit to lady Worthy; you desired me, you know, to present your respects, and so forth.—We were sitting very sociably, chatting about our fair friend, when in comes—nay, no emotions, my dear,—only a servant.—A gentleman is below, madam.—Who? said lady Worthy.—I don't know, answered he; a stranger I never saw before; he begs to see your ladyship.—Desire him to walk up, was her order;—and in a few minutes in comes a gentleman;—but such a man!—O Heavens! such a face, and an air, and a grace!—Beverly does not deserve to be named

in the same century with him ;—so elegant, so polite, so handsome, so degagée—so—so—so every thing, that I,—forgetting I was married, (a sad baulk to my coquetry this said matrimony) began to set my cap at him, as the saying is ; but he stupidly enough overlooked me, in his eagerness to pay his respects to lady Worthy.—There was—And how are you, Sir ? and, How is your ladyship ? and, How is the marchioness ? This last question asked with a kind of hesitation ; for the man was in deep mourning, my dear. She is very well, was the answer. This dress, madam, looking at his cloaths with a sort of pleasure, are worn on a less regretted occasion than her death would have been ; they are the emblems of my freedom from an unhappy engagement.—Now what think you was his next inquiry ?—Is the charming Miss Danby, if I may still call her by that name—and his lips trembled while he spoke, unable to proceed. —Lady Worthy kindly saved him the trouble, by telling him that you were well, when she last heard from you, and now in the country with Mrs. Beverly, and had not yet been prevailed on to change your name.—“ Thank Heaven,” cried he, with rapture, “ then I may hope to be the happiest of men. “ Ah ! lady Worthy,” continued he, seizing the old lady’s hand, (which he pressed as fervently as if he had mistaken it for yours) “ you have “ given me new life. I was miserable with apprehensions that my liberty was too late restored ; but now I dare avow a passion that no obstacles could conquer.—If my heart and fortune are deemed worthy her acceptance, I shall “ be amply rewarded for all the misery I have “ suffered.—Forgive me, madam,” turning to me ; upon such an occasion, you will, I hope

“ have goodness enough to excuse the transports of a lover !—I am sure you will, if you know the charming object that excites them.”—“ I do,” said I ; “ and to know her, is to admire and esteem her. You would therefore, in my opinion, have far more reason to ask pardon, if you could talk or think of her with indifference.—I have the honour to be her most intimate friend, and have ever looked upon her as the most perfect of her sex.”

I THOUGHT the marquis would have kissed me for the speech.—He absolutely ran to me with open arms,—but checked himself, and only put my hand to his lips, then talked himself out of breath in your praise, and lastly besought my interest in his favour.—O, thought I, friend, if you knew your fair mistress as well as I do, you would have little reason to doubt the success of your cause ; but mum for that. I gravely told him he might depend on every thing in my power to serve him.—You cannot think how gracefully he thanked me.—Upon my word, he is an amazingly pretty fellow, and has a kind of impetuosity, I believe I must call it, in his manner, especially when he talks of you, that shews he has fire and sensibility.—I believe what Beverly once said was not without foundation, that we are not fond of your sedate, reasonable lovers. Yet Beville,—but none of your remarks, my dear,—he is a good kind of a man, and my spouse, you know.

I was pleased to find your marquis had so little of the foreigner in him, as to his person I mean. Their manners are generally well enough ; but he is a perfect Englishman, polished by travelling, and speaks the language too very fluently. But that is not so much to be wondered at, as he has been here before, and took, as he tells me, a great deal of pains to learn it ;—and, if I am not

much mistaken, he has a quick apprehension, and a genius that would make any study easy to him.—I do not wonder that you admire him; he is quite the thing, has a perfect knowledge of the world, and is more agreeably lively than any man I ever conversed with.—You have reason to triumph in such a conquest.

BUT then poor colonel Manly! what shall we do with him?—After all, I think he ought to be the man. Do you really think so? you gravely ask.—Ah! my dear, I can only repeat—Poor colonel Manly!—That Miss what do you call her, do you think it could be brought about? I am fond of making matches, willing to be kept in countenance.—But that will never do, I fear; so he must e'en bind his brow with mournful willows: an ungraceful ornament!

BUT about this same marquis; he is in such a violent hurry to see you, and uses such persuasive arguments to prevail on lady Worthy and me to accompany him in his expedition, that I am half persuaded to consent to his request. I should like, methinks, to see your meeting:—there will be such pretty flutterings, blushing, and all that.—But what must I do with my little Billy and his papa? I positively cannot go without the first, and the other pleads hard to be of the joyful party.—Well, I think we will e'en come, *en famille*; your house is large enough.—So on Friday (oh! what a day will that be to you!) assemble all your airs and graces,—and expect a set of guests, that will, I am sure, be welcome. Till then, adieu, my dearest Indiana.

I AM going to write to Fanny, who, I know, will be charmed with the happy news; but not more than is your

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

LETTER L.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

Grove.

I WILLINGLY obey you, my dear sister, and will give you as many particulars of what passes in this joyful family as my time, of which I have but little to spare, will permit.—It is impossible to describe the meeting between the marquis and our friend, since I can give you no idea of the unutterable tenderness that appeared in all his looks and actions.—During our journey he talked of nothing but her; and when we got within sight of the Grove, his whole countenance was agitated with eager impatience.—But when he saw his fair mistress, more than usually lovely, his voice faltered, and, without being able to utter one distinct sentence, he cast himself at her feet, and, for some moments, gazed at her in speechless ecstasy. She raised him with a bashful tenderness, and welcomed him to England.—He took her hand, and with his lips imprinted his thanks on it, and sighed out a few incoherent words; which yet were not void of elegance.—Mrs. Beverly's eyes sparkled with pleasure; to whom, when his transports were a little abated, he paid his respects with his usual politeness; then taking his seat by Indiana, joined in conversation, with a vivacity that spoke his happiness. I engrossed it as much as possible, in order to divert his too great attention from his mistress, and to give her time to recover from the flutter and emotion this interview had caused.—With what enviable transports did she listen to the marquis!

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She durst feast her sense of hearing, though not her eyes; these she hardly raised, for fear of meeting his; yet I could observe a stolen glance now and then.—The dear creature, how I rejoice at her felicity!—As soon as she could meet with a favourable opportunity she retired, and whispered me to follow her.

WHEN we were alone, she gave vent to the fullness of her heart, and freely acknowledged her happiness. I congratulated her on it, and renewed my praises of the marquis.—This was to her a delightful subject; but I soon after changed it for one less agreeable, by asking what was become of colonel Manly. “Alas! my dear Clara,” said she, “why would you damp my joy by that cruel question? The thoughts of that amiable man is now my only affliction. I fear he is very unhappy. Cautious as I was of revealing the unexpected news of the marquis’s arrival in England, he was dreadfully affected, yet generously struggled to hide his concern; but it was too visible, and gave me infinite pain.—He yesterday morning, very early, as I am informed, left the house, without taking leave of me; but he had, it seems, mentioned his design to Mrs. Beverly the evening before.”

I AM interrupted, my dear Fanny, but will resume my pen the first opportunity.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

LETTER LI.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

I HAVE left the marquis with his fair mistress, entertaining her very agreeably, no doubt.—Every thing goes on swimmingly. We talked of the marchioness this morning.—She is to come over, it seems, if her son's proposals are accepted; she would have accompanied him, had she been certain that Indiana, which she much doubted, was still single; but the marquis was to give her the most early intelligence. You may believe he has already wrote and is not a little impatient for her arrival, which is the only delay to his happiness. He even ventures to hint, that an event so much desired by her may as well take place whether she is here or not.—But Indiana checked his impatience, by declaring her resolution to defer it till she comes.—Yet some of us are of his party: I in particular.—I tell her, I never knew any good come of unnecessary delays; nobody can answer for the future; the present only is in our power.—Very true, she says; but in an affair of that nature people ought not to be too precipitate; but perhaps I had Beverly in my head, and feared the marquis might follow his example; yet if he should, better change before than after. She could not help it; she should certainly put his constancy to the trial by that short probation; nor was she under any violent apprehensions of the consequence.—Yet I think she is a little capricious in this; for what reason is there for deferring it? the marchioness being, as her son says, equally impatient for the alliance, and then the man so every way worthy.—Upon my word,

Fanny, he every day makes a greater progress in mine ; and indeed in every one's esteem.

You cannot think how pleased he is with your little nephew : he has quite gained my heart by the notice he takes of him. I like to see people fond of children ; it shews a gentle, tender nature ; I am sure he would make a good father.— Some men are so stupidly awkward when they condescend to play with the little creatures, they put me out of all patience. It requires a particular genius, I can tell you, to do it gracefully.—

THE marquis does every thing with ease, and excels in some trifling points that are too little regarded. There is such an unaffected freedom in his manner, that he is, I think, the best bred man I ever met with. On subjects that require it, he acts with dignity ; yet none can condescend with a better grace to things of less importance.—

HERE comes my friend.—What a serenity in her charming countenance ! how changed from that gloom that lately overspread it !—“ Writing, my dear Mrs. Beville !” said she. “ Yes,” answered I, “ and on a subject that I am sure “ will please you. Read, read, but don't be “ jealous : you will see, I am half in love with “ your swain.”—She looked at my letter, smiled, and, blushing, thanked me for my approbation of him. “ It gives a sanction to my regard,” said she.—“ Well, but,” pointing to that part of my letter that talked about an early day, “ what “ think you of that ?” “ Hush,” cried she, “ if you love me ; not a word more on that subject for this month at least.”—“ Fy, my “ dear,” said I, “ this is a little piece of affectation ; I won't forgive you, if you indulge yourself in it.”—“ Affectation, Clara ! What a “ harsh

“harsh construction do you put on what I rather think”—“Delicacy, I warrant you!” interrupted I; “but it will not pass for such with me. I tell you, the sooner the affair is concluded the better. Why should you make any unnecessary parade about what you intend to do some time or other?”—“But why all this violent hurry, my dear,” said she. “I must be mighty compliant indeed, to alter the resolution I have made of waiting for the marchioness. I should be very angry with the marquis, were he to oppose my will in a determination that I think so reasonable.”——“Very likely, Indiana; but it may be an age before she arrives: contrary winds, bad roads, sickness, a thousand things may detain her. You may exercise your lover’s patience, I have no objections to that; but mine, I can tell you, will soon be exhausted.—If I had no family to look after, indeed I might humour you; but if you wish me to be present at the ceremony, you must be a little quicker in your motions.”——“O my matrimonized notable friend,” cried she, laughing, “what maternal reasons do you give!—Your family; dear Clara, excuse my mirth, but such gravity from you is really diverting.—You forget, child, that your good mamma will amply supply your place; so that argument has no weight.”

Just then the marquis looked in upon us, and asked if he might be admitted. “By all means,” said I; “you come in good time to help me out in a just cause, but which I have managed a little unskilfully.”——Indiana winked at me, with a “Fy, Mrs. Bevill, do not be silly.”——“O for heaven’s sake proceed, dear madam,” cried he eagerly.—“Excuse me, dear charmer,” taking

taking her hand, "that I press for what you
 " seem to oppose; but my curiosity is greatly
 " raised: you have, I fear, been defending the
 " wrong side of an argument, that you are so
 " averse to prosecute it."—"No, Sir," said she,
 " I only decline engaging further, now she will
 " have so powerful a second."—"That is com-
 " fort for you, marquis," said I; "I see she will
 " be forced to yield. Shall I explain, Indiana?"
 continued I with a significant archness.—She was
 vexed, and looked a little grave.—"Come,"
 cried he, smiling, "am I to be let into the se-
 " cret? You talked of comfort; pray administer
 " it."—"Well, I think I will," said I. "We
 " were talking of——of, I protest I have forgot
 " what——of Paris, I believe. Was it not, Indi-
 " ana?"—"How fond you ladies are of my-
 " stery," said the marquis: "but come, since
 " you won't tell me, give me leave to guess at
 " what was really the subject that my coming
 " interrupted."—"No," cried Indiana, "I
 " was tired of it, and do not wish to have it re-
 " newed."—"Well, but, dear creature," said
 he, "is it not cruel to raise my curiosity, and
 " then refuse to satisfy it?" "Blame Mrs. Be-
 " vill for that," answered she.—"I do," said he,
 "and must insist on her making me amends.—
 "Come, madam, be generous, and explain."—
 "Well then," said I, "you may be angry, if
 " you please, my dear, but I must speak.—I was
 " endeavouring to persuade"—"Pray, Clara,"
 cried she, putting her hand on my mouth, "how
 " can you do so?"—The marquis took the other,
 and tenderly pressing it between his, "Enough,
 " dear madam," said he, looking at me; "these
 " hints are sufficient, I guess the rest; a thou-
 " sand thanks for your goodness.—O my Indiana,
 " let

“ let me second the dear request. Let me sue
 “ for”—“ No, I beg you would not,” said she
 interrupting him ; “ permit me to adhere to my
 “ first resolution ; I think it right ; it cannot be
 “ long before we shall have the company of the
 “ marchioness. If you would not have me give
 “ my hand with reluctance, wait for her pre-
 “ sence, when I own,—yes, Sir, I frankly own,
 “ I shall yield it with pleasure.”—A modest
 blush accompanied these words, which the de-
 lighted marquis immediately hid, by pressing her
 to his breast.—I saw I might give up the cause,
 since it was visible he had no will but hers ; so I
 left the lovers to settle it as they thought proper,
 and resumed my pen.—

AND now, Fanny, in order to give you a better
 idea of this said marquis, who, as he is a foreign-
 er, you may perhaps not do justice to, I will at-
 tempt an imperfect description of him.—In the
 first place he is tall and slender, of an insinua-
 ting address, elegantly made, his face rather long
 than round ; his complexion more than usually
 delicate, owing to his late indisposition : his fore-
 head I know little of, though I will answer for
 its being handsome, but his hair is combed pretty
 low over it, which I think looks negligent and
 clever ; his nose is aquiline ; his eyes large, black,
 and languishing ; dark eye-brows ; and long dark
 eye-lashes ; a dimple in his cheek, and a pretty
 little one at the corner of his mouth, when he
 smiles : his mouth !—O, my dear, such a mouth !
 the very seat of loves and graces, as a poet would
 say ; but I will tell you in plain prose, that it is very
 handsome, though rather wide ; but that I think
 an advantage, as it the better shews the finest
 teeth in the world ; his hair is dark brown, and
 in

in great quantity.—Only imagine a figure like this, dressed in mourning, which I think the most becoming in the world for a man.

BUT what am I doing! perhaps leading you into temptation.—And have not you renounced the male creatures?—

I WILL not write again till the marchioness arrives, as I shall have nothing new to entertain you with.—Scenes of courtship will, I suppose, be but little relished by you, who have for ever bid adieu to love, with all its soft follies.—Farewell then, my dear sister; believe me

Your affectionate

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

LETTER LII.

TO Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

THE marchioness is come.—Oh! heaven, to overwhelm us all in affliction! Poor Indiana!—but take the painful particulars.—The marquis and she,—unfortunate pair,—left us this morning to take an airing on horseback, which they frequently do.—I was at work when a chaise, attended by a numerous retinue, drove into the court-yard.—Down went my work, guessing who it was, and away I ran into the hall to meet her. A woman of a graceful appearance stepped out of the carriage.—I paid my compliments, and led her into a parlour.—“Where,” said she, after the first ceremonies were over, “where is “my dear Indiana? how impatient am I to embrace her!” Mrs. Beverly entered while she spoke, and eagerly ran to salute her.—The marchioness started back.—“Good heavens!” cried she, “is it possible for two persons to have so “great a resemblance? Excuse me, madam,” added she, “this involuntary emotion; but you “are the very image of a dear sister, for whom I “have ever had the warmest friendship, and to “whom I owe obligations that can never be “paid.” While she spoke, Mrs. Beverly continued looking at her with great attention; “I “am equally surprised,” said that lady; “and “but that I believe she is long since dead, I “should have no doubt but that you are Mrs. “Hamilton.”—“O heavens!” cried the marchioness, “what do I hear? it must be so; that was “once indeed my name; and yours, if I mistake “not, was—Lenox.” “Before I was married,” said

said Mrs. Beverly. "It is," exclaimed the marchioness, flinging her arms round her neck, "it is my sister! O what an unexpected happiness! Do I indeed embrace once more my long lost friend!"—She was proceeding, when Mrs. Beverly uttered a deep sigh, and fainted; I ran to her assistance, though half dead myself at the dreadful discovery.—"I was too hasty," said the marchioness, (little dreaming what was the principal cause of her emotion;) but she recovered. "My dear sister," added she, "speak to me, and listen to my transports on this joyful unexpected meeting. O what an addition is it to my happiness to find my friend, as well as to look forward to a daughter, who has, even when I could have no hopes of calling her by that endearing name been the delight of my heart?—But where is she? Why comes she not to share in my joy? my son too!" "Alas!" said Mrs. Beverly, "they will come but too soon for their peace."—"How!" cried the marchioness, with surprise; "does she then refuse?—for heaven's sake explain the mystery of these words:—what can they mean? Too soon for their peace! I cannot understand you."—"Compose yourself," said Mrs. Beverly, "and prepare to hear what will, indeed, amaze you. You had a daughter—" "A daughter!" repeated the marchioness wildly? "but proceed, and put me out of pain."—"That daughter," resumed Mrs. Beverly, "was left to my care; you may remember too, that I wrote you in a twelvemonth after that she was dead."—"You did so," said the marchioness; "but what of that?"—"Have patience," said Mrs. Beverly, "do not interrupt me; I will be as brief as possible; some other time I will
" tell

"tell you all the particulars; at present only I
 "must assure you that she still lives." "My
 "God!" cried the marchioness, lifting her
 hands and her eyes to heaven, "what do I hear?
 "is it possible?"—"Indeed it is," answered
 Mrs. Beverly, "and what is still more surpris-
 "ing, Indiana is that daughter."—"Indiana!"
 exclaimed the marchioness, sinking back in her
 chair.—"Oh my son! my unfortunate son!"—
 She could add no more, a flood of tears choaked
 her voice. Mrs. Beverly too was silent; her
 eyes, as well as mine, spoke our sympathy.—A
 mournful pause of some minutes ensued; what a
 different scene from that expected on this lady's
 arrival!

At last Mrs. Beverly resumed the sad subject,
 by asking how the report of her death came to
 be spread, and why she never had, during so ma-
 ny years, wrote to her. "Oh, why indeed!"
 said the marchioness. "How severely am I pu-
 "nished for the wilful omission! Alas! my dear
 "child, my beloved daughter, whose supposed
 "death I have so often lamented, do I then
 "grieve to find you again!—but to find you thus,
 "better for all our sakes it had been true. For
 "how will you, how will my son learn, after a
 "passion so deeply rooted, to submit to the cooler
 "ties of nature!"—"I know not, my sister,"
 added she, "how I came to be thought dead;
 "but I suppose it was the death of Mr. Hamilton,
 "that dear source of all my sorrow, that caused
 "the mistake; he left me in very unhappy cir-
 "cumstances; his and the loss of my daughter,
 "added to the unkind treatment I had received
 "from an inexorable parent, determined me
 "never to see nor have any connection with my
 "native country. My friendship for you, indeed,

"was

“ was not diminished, but I rather strove to
 “ conquer than encourage any attachments to a
 “ place, the thoughts of which only recalled my
 “ sorrow. I therefore forbore writing, wishing
 “ to forget, and be forgotten, as I was, I thought,
 “ too severely punished for my crime. This
 “ was the cause of that silence you so justly com-
 “ plain of.—

“ In the midst of distress and misery, provi-
 “ dence raised me up a friend in the marquis de
 “ Gramont, he proposed marriage, an offer too
 “ advantageous in my then unhappy circumstan-
 “ ces to be rejected; even though the difference
 “ of religion, and the recent death of my hus-
 “ band, would at another time have been suffi-
 “ cient causes for my refusal; but his death left
 “ me at liberty to educate my only son, the pre-
 “ sent marquis, in the protestant persuasion.
 “ These,” continued the afflicted marchioness,
 “ are some of the out-lines of my unhappy his-
 “ tory since I saw you.—Heavens! must I never,
 “ though it appeared so near, taste of felicity?
 “ —and my amiable son too, unfortunate in his
 “ first marriage, but far more miserable—”

SHE was proceeding, when we saw the mar-
 quis and Indiana alight at the gate;—the servant
 that took their horses had doubtless informed them
 who was come, for they almost flew into the
 room where we were.—When the marchioness
 saw them coming, she hastily dried her eyes,
 crying, “ Good heavens, give me fortitude to
 “ bear the approaching scene!”—Hardly had she
 spoke when Indiana with extended arms ran to
 embrace her. O how lovely did she look! the
 air had given an additional bloom to her complex-
 ion, and her riding dress shew’d her delicate form
 to the greatest advantage.—The marquis too, I

never

never was there a more charming pair, they seemed formed for each other; but alas! it was otherwise decreed. With what becoming respectful tenderness did he welcome his long, his eagerly expected parent! while that fond mother shed tears of mingled grief and joy over her amiable children!—What a moving scene! How did the rapturous joys of the marquis, and the more reserved, but equally sincere pleasure of Indiana, in the belief that now all obstacles to their union were removed, wound my heart!—I wished myself a thousand miles off, dreading what was to follow.—When their first emotions were a little subsided, they had leisure to remark the sadness (so unsuitable to the occasion) that in spite of our endeavours appeared on our countenances.—The marquis eagerly asked the cause. His mother, leaving Mrs. Beverly to make the best answer she could, drew me aside, and conjured me to take upon me the painful task of breaking the affair to Indiana.—“You are her friend,” said she, “and will, I know, do it with that caution and delicacy that so important a discovery demands.—“For me,” added she, “heaven knows I shall find it but too arduous an undertaking to tell my son his misery.—What a request! how painful to be granted! Yet how could I refuse? though my heart died within me at the thought; but I promised, and was forced to fulfil it.”—I therefore whispered Indiana, that I wished to have a little talk with her in private, and begged she would accompany me to the garden.—An anxious kind of fear spread itself over her countenance at this request, amazed, no doubt, at it, as well as our behaviour. With trembling steps she followed, pale, and so agitated that she could scarce support herself.—I took her under the arm
to

to assist her in walking, which we did without speaking, till we got to an arbour at some distance from the house, where we took our seats. Then Indiana first broke silence, faltering, and as if gasping for breath; "Now speak," said she; "tell me this dreadful something, that you have to communicate;—dreadful I am sure it is by your looks. But be kind, my Clara, and do not kill me with suspense; let me know the worst, and do not, with a well-meant cruelty, defer it with needless precaution. To know the worst will be better than this racking uncertainty."—I sighed deeply, unable to begin the sad subject.—"O heaven!" exclaimed she wildly, "what can it be? Speak, speak, while I have life to hear you," "Then arm yourself with fortitude; and may my lovely friend," added I, clasping my arms round her neck, "be endued with resignation to bear her disappointment!" She pressed her cold cheek to mine; "Now then," said she, "I am prepared;—tell me all, it cannot be worse than I imagine." How she trembled! I wiped my eyes, and once or twice opened my lips, but knew not how to begin, what to say first.—But at last collecting all my resolution, I stammered out "The marquis is—" "What?" cried she, raising her voice; "Oh what of the marquis?"—"Alas! my dear," resumed I, "the marchioness is your mother."—She uttered a loud scream, and fell senseless into my arms. I called for help, ran from her, then back again, not knowing what I did, till she began to recover and opened her eyes.—"Where am I?" said she. Then clasping her hands with a wild air,— "My mother!" cried she in a raised voice, and hastily arose.

"Let

"Let us go," said she; "take me, lead me to my parent; let me hide my guilty head in her bosom. Incest! good heavens! horrible to think of!" I stopped, and endeavoured to sooth her, terrified at the distraction that appeared in her looks.—She gazed at me some time in silence; then bursting into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. This a little relieved her.—"A brother!" said she, after a pause; "O how shall I—But let us go," added she; "let me receive the blessing of a parent, to calm my unspeakable grief. Pity me, Clara; oh! pity, and do not too severely condemn this guilty weakness."—"Pity you! my friend! my Indiana!" said I; "O what a needless request, did you know what I now feel!"—"I believe it," said she, "thou sister of my heart. But leave me a while; let me try to collect my scattered senses; let me prepare to see this too late found parent. Oh! had I but known her sooner as such!—But thy will be done," added she, raising her eyes, "only do thou teach me resignation to bear your decrees as I ought." She continued silent, her hands locked in each other.) Then addressing herself to me again with looks of more composure; "Go in, my friend," said she, "I would be alone a while, but will follow you when I am more fit to appear."

I ONCE more embraced her, and went to join the marchioness, whom I doubted not to find in great affliction; she and Mrs. Beverly were sitting together bathed in tears. As soon as she saw me, she arose and took my hand. "Is it over?" said she, "how is my child? Oh how did she bear the cruel news?"—"Like herself," answered I, "with becoming fortitude; she

“ she will be with you presently.”—“ Thank heaven,” said this afflicted mother, “ let me but once more see my children restored to peace, and I shall die satisfied.”—She sat down and hid her face with her handkerchief. I turned to Mrs. Beverly, and in a low voice asked after the marquis.—She shook her head.—“ Terrible,” said she; “ he will never, I fear, get the better of it; he was almost frantic. I dread the consequence, he is gone to his apartment. I am apprehensive for his health, and really think his senses are in danger.—But hush; not a word more about him before the marchioness, or our friend.”

I TOOK my seat, and a mournful silence ensued, only interrupted by our frequent sighs.—In less than a quarter of an hour the door opened, and the disconsolate Indiana, pale as death, her eyes swelled with weeping, came in. I started at the sight of her; she ran to the marchioness, and, falling on her knees, flung her arms round her; “ Bless,” said she in a faltering voice, “ bless your too late found unhappy daughter.” The marchioness raised, and pressed her to her breast with speechless tenderness. “ Forgive,” resumed Indiana, “ the involuntary crime of your child, whose future life shall be spent in endeavouring to make herself more worthy of that name.—Heaven” (continued she, raising her streaming eyes) “ will, I hope, accept of my sincere penitence. I dedicate my future days to repentance, for the follies of a heart that has been but too long estranged from it by unhallowed love.—Yes, I confess my mind has till now been earthly, and prone to folly; —but now,” said she, still looking up, “ now do thou purify it, that it shall from hence—
“ forth

"forth be wholly thine."—Then again embracing her mother, "Pardon me, madam," said she, "for thus affecting you; I cannot all at once conquer nature;—but I will try. Permit me now to retire." "My friends," added she, turning to Mrs. Beverly and me "comfort this dear parent." So saying she left the room, none of us being able to speak for our emotions. The marchioness flung herself into a chair; we were forced to hold our salts to her, to prevent her fainting. I stayed till she was a little recovered;—then went to the melancholy task of writing the particulars of this sad event to my Fanny. How severely will it affect you! what would I give to have Mr. Bevill here! Why did I let him go to town? But who could have thought, in the midst of such happy prospects, I should have stood in such need of consolation?—Adieu, my dear sister, happy are you in a peaceful retirement; long may your felicity continue, is the prayer of your

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

LETTER LIII.

TO MISS FANNY FREEMORE.

NEITHER Indiana nor the marquis attended the breakfast this morning, which was passed in silence.—The marchioness, fatigued with her long journey, and oppressed with care, that will not allow her to take proper rest, is ill; we were advising her to lie down, when a servant brought a letter from the marquis.—“Read it,” said she to me, “for I feel it will be impossible for me to do it.”—I made no answer, but obeyed. This was the contents.

TO the Marchioness of GRAMONT.

OPPRESSED with misery, almost too great for human nature to support, I fly from your presence; from this house, once a scene of joy, and from all that my soul holds dear on earth.—Would I could likewise fly from myself; for alas! I carry my torment with me:—but as that is impossible, let me at least deliver you from an object who seems born only to suffer, and give pain.—Ah! must I then never more behold the idol of my affections?—Sister!—good heavens! how can I reconcile my struggling heart to that cold, that chilling name, after so long indulging a passion that cannot end but with my being! She twines round my heart-strings till they break, her image cannot be separated from it.—Honour, religion, in vain condemns the crime.—I cannot, O! I cannot master my unruly passion. Why am I forced to drag on this hateful life? nay, to what purpose, since every hour I live will but add to

to my guilt?—I feel it is impossible to repent, for even now my breast glows with its long accustomed fondness.—I cannot cease to love her. My Indiana, my intended bride!—Ah! why is my bliss delayed?—Alas! I rave. Sister!—let me repeat that dreadful name. Oh! it freezes my blood: I tremble while I repeat.—Pity me, Indiana; life of my life, why do you not come to my relief? O sooth me with thy gentleness, speak to me, calm my raging passions; administer thy softness, and heal the torture you have innocently been the cause of.—O! no, no, let me not see her;—hide her beauty from my sight, I cannot bear it.—I know not what I write, my brain is on fire.—Let me fly from this fatal place while I have power. Yes, I will banish myself from my Indiana, from this too lovely sister. May she be happy! but let her not—I am going to rave again.—If ever my reason returns, you shall see me; but till then, forget there is such a wretch as the

Marquis de GRAMONT.

The marchioness shed a deal of tears while I read this letter. “O my son!” cried she, when I had finished, “what can I do for you? Heaven “give me patience! this is too much, too much “to bear.”—Mrs. Beverly and I endeavoured to console her, but with little effect.—She gave little attention to what was said, and in a few minutes left the room.—I soon after followed her example, in order to seek Indiana.—As I was crossing the hall, I met the marquis; I started, and was ready to faint; he had his handkerchief at his eyes, took my hand as he hastily passed me, but could not speak.—I was forced to sit down, looked after him, and saw him mount his horse;—he was

out of sight in an instant.—O Fanny, what misery is here! I am half dead.—Adieu.

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LIII.

TO MISS FANNY FREEMORE.

I DELAYED writing thus long, in hopes of having more agreeable intelligence to send you, —but in vain.

COLONEL MANLY has been here this morning:—he has had a private conference with Mrs. Beverly. He looked in upon me as I sat alone in the parlour, hardly staying a moment, lest our friend should see him.—I find his hopes begin to revive again.—He besought my interest with Indiana, when I thought I might venture to touch upon the subject of his love.—I promised to serve him to the utmost of my power; but I fear that will not extend very far, with regard to his suit; for though it is now a month since the unhappy discovery, our poor friend's grief, though more calm, is not diminished: nay, this very calmness makes me dread that it will be the more lasting.—She never mentions the marquis, nor have we heard of him since he left us.—Her devotions take up most of the time she can spare from attending the marchioness, who can hardly suffer her out of her sight a moment; so much have her amiable qualities endeared her to that fond parent.—She is much altered: no wonder, her grief, though concealed, preys upon her spirits.—She partakes of no amusement, but is constantly employed at her needle when with us.—We have

have not yet been able to persuade her to see any company that comes to the house: on these occasions, she always retires to her apartment. She speaks little, but listens with obliging attention when we are discoursing.—

I WONDER how she lives, for she eats scarcely any thing.—I took upon me to chide her for it, told her it would endanger her health, and she would not sure continue to commit deliberate sin.—“No, my friend,” said she, “heaven forbid! for am I not already but too guilty, though I know not particularly what is my offence? yet, surely, if I was innocent, I should not be thus marked out for punishment and misery.—In this belief I submit to penance; and is that, think you, a proper season for indulging one’s self in superfluities?—No, my dear, never from henceforth shall your friend seek for more than the common necessities of life. I bid adieu to the pleasures of sense. Too long have I sought for earthly happiness, heaven knows with what success,” continued she, a tear starting into her eye; “it is time experience should make me wise. I hope it has, since I trust my afflictions are sanctified. My state of probation will have an end; and then—But I see I make you grave, forgive me. Why should I disturb the tranquillity of others? Alas! I have been unhappy in that; yet you love me still, my Clara.” How affecting is every thing she does or says! how are her days clouded! what a weight of woe hangs upon her heart! O that time may restore her peace!—I cannot, though my stay is a little inconvenient, prevail on myself to leave her till I see a change in her disposition.—Could we prevail on her to

accept of the worthy colonel Manly, whose constant persevering love certainly merits a return, all might yet be well.—But I fear such an event will never take place; though from the character we have given the marchioness of him, she is warmly interested in his favour. Adieu, Fanny, I must go down to some company: how unreasonable is their visit? The marchioness begs I may always be present on these occasions, though amongst us all, we have hardly spirits enough to furnish out a conversation for our guests. Farewell, dear sister, believe me ever yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

LETTER LIV.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

I TAKE up my pen for a few moments, only to tell you that the colonel has been introduced to the marchioness; where he pleaded his cause so successfully, that she has promised to persuade Indiana to see him; only as a friend, she is to tell her, that she once esteemed, and who is impatient to renew his acquaintance with her.—— How she will succeed heaven knows; but I am apprehensive she will never be prevailed on to be present when he comes; — but we shall see. I do not know any thing would give me so much pleasure as to see her united to that truly amiable man, who has loved her with such unshaken constancy. —Adieu. I have just received a letter from Mr. Bevill, which I must answer immediately. Believe me ever yours sincerely.

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LV.

To the same.

THE visit is over, and the colonel was graciously received. The marchioness found it an easier task to persuade her daughter to see him than we expected.—She spoke highly in his praise; said there was nobody she had a greater esteem for, as she had known many proofs of the goodness of his heart.—He did not venture, however, in this first interview, to mention his love: that would have been hurrying things on too precipitately.—It is sufficient for the present, that he has gained her permission to renew his visits. He must lead to that subject imperceptibly.—

HE spoke in raptures to me of the ground he has already gained; nor does he despair of the future success of his passion.—He was greatly moved, I could observe, when first introduced. Her paleness, and the melancholy air of her countenance, affected him so, that I could see a tear ready to escape in spite of his endeavours.—He could not speak for some minutes.—Indiana, with a smile of complacency, held out her hand, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him. He pressed it to his lips; but it was not without faltering, and in a broken voice, that he was able to answer her obliging compliment.—She spoke more while he stayed than I have heard her for some time past, and appeared rather chearful too.—

THE colonel is a great adept in natural philosophy.—I do not know how the subject was introduced; but Indiana seemed pleased with it, and smiling, proposed to become his scholar. “You shall teach me,” said she, “to admire the
“ works

“ works of nature. I may indulge myself in an
 “ amusement that will at the same time be pro-
 “ fitable, and that will teach me more and more
 “ to raise my thoughts to that perfect object, I
 “ wish to engross them all.”—Judge if the co-
 lonel made any objections to the undertaking this
 agreeable task. He is to be her preceptor : his
instruments are to be brought here ; and we are
 to have a course of lectures and experiments in
 this branch of philosophy.—

WHAT a charming intimacy will this create !
 What opportunities for the skilful master to vary
 his subject, when he sees a proper opportunity !
 —This too will, I hope, divert the sadness of our
 friend, and reconcile her by degrees to matri-
 mony and the world.

WE are all in raptures upon the occasion when
 we get by ourselves. But not a hint of this na-
 ture before Indiana ; that would spoil all.—Hea-
 ven grant our wishes may be accomplished ! Join
 your prayers to mine in this behalf.—Adieu, dear
 Fanny. I am in much better spirits than when I
 wrote last. I hope in my next to be still more so.
 —Till then farewell.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

LETTER LVI.

TO Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

WE made ourselves almost sure of the accomplishment of our wishes; the colonel has been almost constantly here. Indiana seemed every day more fond of his company; they have walked for hours in the park by themselves. How happy did this intimacy make us all!—The marchioness already looked upon the colonel as her son,—and this morning they were closeted for an hour; the result of which conference was, that he should at last venture to renew his suit, which he has not yet, it seems, dared to mention to his mistress.

THIS afternoon then was pitched upon for the important subject. I had intelligence of what was resolved on; and it was agreed that Mrs. Beverly and I should, on a signal from the marchioness, leave the lovers alone.—Accordingly, after the dessert was removed, the marchioness gave us a significant look, and arose from her seat. Mrs. Beverly and I were preparing to follow her, Indiana observed this, and rising with a composed air, took the marchioness's hand as she was going. "Permit me, madam," said she, "to lead you to your seat again; I guess the motives of your intending to leave me with the colonel; but let me intreat your presence, and yours, my friends," turning to Mrs. Beverly and me; "this gentleman can have nothing to say to me but what will be proper for you to hear."—We looked, I believe, a little disconcerted, and resumed our places;—when Indiana,
with

with a solemnity in her manner that promised no favourable issue to our wishes, spoke as follows:

"You were going, Sir," said she, looking with complacency at the colonel, "to honour me once more with the offer of a heart that I am, alas! and ever have been, from my unhappy prepossessions, unworthy of.—Your merit and unshaken constancy claim my warmest gratitude: would to heaven it were in my power to make a suitable return!—but that is now more than ever denied me.—You wish, no doubt, to have your love returned with equal sincerity; but ah! Sir, can this exhausted heart again feel that too destructive passion? Is it possible, that smarting as it does for its former weakness, it should again be tempted to folly?—No," continued she with earnestness, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven,—"no; I bid an eternal adieu to a tenderness that has plunged me in guilt, and overwhelmed me with misery.—That my heart is naturally susceptible of that soft passion, I have but too often experienced;—but from henceforth it shall be my study to watch over its emotions, and to direct every affection of my soul to that perfect being from whom it has but too long been estranged.—Imprudent in my first choice, and criminal in my last, plunged into misery by both, I have been taught a severe but salutary lesson of wisdom and humility. The chain is broke that bound my affections to the seducing objects of sense.—My mind, grown noble in its pursuits, is now enabled to aspire to glorious and unchangeable joys; to a happiness that alone is worthy of a rational and immortal being——Love intoxicates and enervates the soul, checks its aspirings after
"wisdom.

“ wisdom and virtue. Bent only and wholly en-
 “ grossed by one object, its powers are contracted.
 “ This I have but too fatally experienced ;—for
 “ I at least was not born to love with moderation.
 “ —Do not then, Sir, endeavour to seduce me
 “ from the paths of peace, which I have deli-
 “ berately chosen. Your eloquence, your worth,
 “ will plead in vain.—My resolution is fixed ;
 “ never, never more will I know or yield to that
 “ destructive passion. If you will accept of my
 “ friendship, it is yours. My heart, though
 “ dead to warmer emotions, is still open to the
 “ calm endearing ties of social esteem. The
 “ tenderness I feel for my friends, amongst which
 “ number I should be happy to rank you, is not
 “ incompatible with the plan I have laid down
 “ for my future conduct while in this vale of
 “ tears, for such it is but too justly called.—That
 “ you may be convinced my resolution is unal-
 “ terable, be pleased, Sir, to read this paper,”
 (presenting it to him,) “ you will there see that I
 “ have guarded against the fickleness of nature,
 “ by putting it out of my own power to alter
 “ my conduct.”—She was silent, and covered
 her eyes with her handkerchief, leaning her head
 upon her hand.—The colonel looked for some
 moments at the paper, though without knowing
 its contents, wholly lost in melancholy reflections,
 his manly countenance visibly expressing his sor-
 row and disappointment. The marchioness wept,
 and in a broken voice begged him to read it to
 us.—He answered not ; but in a faltering ac-
 cent began as follows.—

“ I INDIANA Danby, being in my perfect
 “ senses, but greatly afflicted in mind,—and
 “ judging it necessary towards the restoring of
 “ my lost peace, as well as to prevent my yielding
 “ again

“ again to a weakness that has seemed displeasing
“ to heaven, by the severe punishment I have suffered,—have determined, thus kneeling with
“ all humility before the awful searcher of
“ hearts, to enter into a most solemn vow to
“ continue in my virgin state till death, as a
“ slight atonement for a criminal passion, which
“ had too long been indulged, to the estranging of
“ my affections from him, whom I was created
“ to love with all the powers and faculties of my
“ soul, but in which I had unjustly permitted an
“ earthly object to usurp the throne, where he
“ only ought to have reigned.—I judge not myself
“ so much at my own disposal as, without
“ the consent of the best of parents, which I have
“ reason to believe she would never have granted,
“ to follow my friend to her retirement, though
“ that would best suit my inclination.—But the
“ vow I have entered into will not be any hindrance
“ to my fulfilling the duty I owe her,
“ but rather put it more in my power, by being
“ permitted to live constantly with her, to sweeten
“ the remainder of her life by my constant
“ unremitted endeavours to oblige and please her.
“ —I therefore, apprehending no ill consequence
“ from it, having carefully deliberated and fervently
“ prayed for direction,—do most sincerely
“ offer and dedicate myself to heaven, as a willing
“ though unworthy sacrifice; solemnly swearing
“ never, on any consideration, to change my
“ single state. So help me,” &c. &c.

WHEN the colonel had finished reading this unsurmountable bar to all his hopes, which he could not perform without many breaks and pauses,—he arose, pulled out his handkerchief, and walked to a window to hide his emotions.—

Indiana

Indiana then approached the marchioness, and bending her knee, "Forgive me, my beloved mother," said she, "if I have acted contrary to your inclinations. The step I have taken appeared to me absolutely necessary to my peace.—I would, as my duty required, have consulted you before it was executed, but I feared your mistaken fondness would have opposed my inclinations.—Tell me now, and dissipate my fears of your displeasure, that you forgive me; and bless your child, who has thus dedicated her future days to heaven and you."—"Forgive you!" cried the marchioness, clasping her to her breast; "Oh, my daughter, have you, can you ever offend me?"—"Enough," said Indiana, "this kind indulgence has completed my joy; my life will now glide on in a pleasing sort of melancholy, that I would not, in the disposition I am now in, exchange for the most tumultuous pleasures.—The fortune which heaven has been pleased to bestow on me, since I shall have no family of my own, shall supply the want of one to others; on the needy shall my treasure be bestowed; and you, my parent and my friends," looking at Mrs. Beverly and me, "shall be mine."

SHE took our hands, first one and then the other, and put them to her lips.—How we wept!—She then went to the colonel, who still stood with his back to us, and laying her hand on his arm, “Do not, dear, Sir,” said she, “unkindly damp the serenity I am beginning to experience, by giving way to a fruitless sorrow. My heart cannot be at rest while you are unhappy. —Will you not accept of my offered friendship? I have no more to give, or you should
“ be

"be the man on whom I would bestow it. Do
"not then ungratefully refuse what is in my
"power: slight not the gift, because trifling;
"since they give the most who give their all. Be
"generous, and repay me with your esteem,
"and seek some happier, worthier maid, who
"can reward your merit; on her bestow your
"heart: and may"——

SHE was proceeding, when the colonel (who had taken her hand, which he held pressed to his lips while she was speaking) interrupted her; and kneeling, "Another!" said he, raising his voice, "another have my heart! no; by Heaven, 'tis yours; nor is it in your own power to restore it: you were the first, and never shall it know a second love. No, my adorable Indiana, thou dear source of all my joy and misery, I will follow your example; may I be cursed with all the wretchedness that Heaven can inflict, if ever"——"Hush, sir," cried Indiana, putting her hand on his lips, "forbear this inconsiderate rashness. O! for Heaven's sake, take care lest you repent too late.——"No," said he, "I never can, 'tis past; I have vowed in my mind, which in the sight of Heaven is as valid as words; give me then your endearing friendship, that shall sooth my sorrow; teach me, like you, to soar above this transitory world of care and disappointment. O! mould afresh that heart you ever must be mistress of; inspire it with the purity of thine, and teach it, if it be possible," added he, with a voice that spoke his emotion, "teach it resignation."——He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and again turned from her. Her spirits had supported her through this moving scene with amazing resolution; but now they began

to sink. She was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and retired with precipitation.—I soon after followed, and, after shedding a flood of tears, sat down to write you this account.

MR. BEVILL has wrote for me : I am obliged to leave this sad family to-morrow, as he is to meet me at C——. He could not prevail with himself to come here, dreading to see Indiana since the unhappy change in her circumstances. He loves her with the warmest esteem, and thinks he could not support an interview.—How can I think of leaving her?—My heart bleeds at the thoughts of it. O! Fanny, with what grief do I subscribe myself

Your afflicted sister,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

LETTER LVII.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

I AM just arrived at my house in town. My mother is well, so is my child, and Mr. Beville.—But ah! the dear Indiana!—I sat up most of the night with her before I took my leave.—How mournfully was it employed!—She talked over all her misfortunes;—and, for the first time since his absence, mentioned the marquis.—“Ah! Clara,” said she, with a deep sigh, “what is become of that unhappy brother? Alas! perhaps he is no more: perhaps too he died, without being able to conquer his guilty passion.—Oh! Heaven,” continued she, raising her streaming eyes, “and shall we never then meet again?—And must he suffer an endless—Oh! horrible to think of!—I cannot bear it. —Kneel with me, Clara: let us importune the Almighty, if he still lives, to convert his heart.”—She flung herself by the side of her bed, and with great earnestness poured out fervent supplications for him.—When she arose she was a little more composed, and with moving sadness resumed the melancholy subject of her woes.—She renewed the remembrance of past scenes, frequently stopping to animadvert on her own imprudence and folly, as she too severely called the foibles of a youthful heart, undisciplined by adversity.

FEARFUL for my health, and mindful of the journey I was to take in the morning, she often pressed me to go to rest: but how could I leave her?—and where indeed was I to find it?—I conjured her to write to me as frequently as formerly.

“Yes,

"Yes, my dear friend," said she, with a smile, but rather of anguish than pleasure, "I will write; but far different must be my subject from what it has too long been."—When day began to break, we lay down, but without taking off our cloaths. The dear creature hardly breathed, for fear of preventing my sleeping. How needless the precaution!—Was it possible I should?—A mournful sigh now and then escaped her, in spite of her endeavours; and my arm, which lay under her head, was wet with her tears.

WHEN the dreaded hour of parting arrived, she assumed a sort of serenity, for fear of adding to my grief. We embraced a thousand times. Often did I leave her, but as often returned, always recollecting something I had forgot to say to her; but at last I permitted colonel Manly (who was so obliging as to give me his company to C——, where we met Mr. Bevill) I permitted him, I say, to place me in the coach; my head turned back to my dear friend, who stood at the gate till I was out of sight.—O! Fanny, I feel as if I had lost my better half: even the company of a tender and indulgent husband and beloved child cannot console me. My friend is unhappy!—Can I then be otherwise?—Write to me, dear sister; and believe me

Yours sincerely,

CLARA BEVILL.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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